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LITERATURE.

ON SOME OF THE USES OF LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHY loses much of its charm when it is not generally remembered, that each of its branches is both to be written and studied with a feeling adapted to its peculiar characteristics. This is particularly the case with regard to the biography of literary men. Their memoirs are poor and unimportant in some respects, but they are rich and splendidly adorned in others; and it greatly depends upon the right apprehension of their particular applicability of moral, whether they be read with interest, or with totally unimpressed feelings.

Some men are of importance to society by their actions; others, by their sentiments, and their willingness and power to promulgate them. The lives of the former are, chiefly, written to record the events which were brought about or modified by their interposition. Such are the memoirs of statesmen, of warriors, and travellers. Their history is wound up with that of the country. Their actions are a part of the thousand agencies by which the huge machine of society is driven round. While other hands have worked with less consciousness of power and in obscurity at the wheel, theirs have been visibly raised, and every time they were stretched forth, visibly noticed. They have given an impulse to the stream of life; but it has been by some manifest operation, by the use of the spade and the mattock. The action of men's minds, more purely intellectual, is like the breathing of a gale impressing and agitating the waters of existence, but silently and invisibly. Biography, when employed to note the history of the former description of characters, has a comparatively easy task. When men's actions are numerous, their dispositions and principles are easily delineated. An active man can never be of a close or secret temper; either the activity of the mind will overcome the design of secrecy, or the wish of secrecy will destroy the action, and the writers of the memoirs of such men have, therefore, not to study character, or to depict its variations; but to describe events as they occurred, or, in fact, explain certain circumstances by ascribing them to the influence of particular agents. Very contrary to this is the situation of the biographer of men of literary genius. Actions are to be described, but they are to be considered only as the indexes to a mysteriously written book. Events are to be related, but they are to be adduced as illustrations only of sublime truths discovered by an appeal to human nature itself. Mind is to be regarded, at setting out, as the subject of contemplation. It is to be first considered as impressed with particular characters itself, before examining how it impressed its own likeness on the objects with which it came in contact. It is to afford the inquirer both the materials and the subject of his thoughts. To be the object to which his contemplations are raised, and the source from which he derives the finest illustrations of the truths he has obtained from the contemplation; and thus, being to be seen rightly by its own light alone, by that only making those manifestations of the beauty and dignity of its principles and constitution which are our delight,—it requires an effort on the part of the observer to abstract himself as much as possible

from ordinary prepossessions, and to come to the examination unfettered by the common forms of conventional thinking. A biographer commencing the memoirs of a man distinguished for his noble intellect, with this idea of the true nature of his subject, will bring before our eyes one of the sublimest objects which can engage our attention. A human spirit, endowed with the light of thought, so strong and intense that it commands others by a sort of natural dominion, is the representative of humanity in its highest degree of present perfection. To be enabled to see its operations in its own high regions of imagination or reason, elevates us by the sight of our nature thus raised and ennobled. It does in an intellectual point of view, what the contemplation of great moral virtue does in refining our moral feelings. The beauty and dignity of each are presented to us. Our affections are engaged in the one case, and our sympathies have the force of a new moral obligation. In the other, the mind sees the capabilities of its nature, and, seeing them, learns to admire, and endeavours to imitate the best and greatest of its species.

One object, therefore, which literary biography effects, when written with talent, is, the manifestation of mind,—and mind in its loftiest and most strongly defined characters. Another good effected by it, if the principles on which it should be composed are rightly understood; is the illustration it affords of literary men's productions. This is a point less generally attended to than it ought to be. Not only many a particular passage in an author's works may be powerfully illustrated by certain circumstances in his life; but the very spirit of his style, the moods of thought and feeling, to which he is found most constantly resigning himself, may be more distinctly traced and understood by the commentary given in the memoirs of his fortunes. In the case of poets, and other writers of a similar class, this is peculiarly striking. Their thoughts are composed of sun-light imaginations, and their wishes of aspirations that appear to hold every human hope and feeling in abeyance. They thus seem, by the natural constitution of their minds, to be set apart as the priests of nature, or the expounders of a law of superior existence, the glories of which they are the first to enjoy. But the images in which they are obliged to clothe their divine conceptions, are earthly. They have to come and converse with men, before they can record the discourse of angels. The dwelling-place of their minds is the purest region of the serene heaven; but their study is on earth, built amidst the bustle and confusion of the world. They are taught, by their own inward feelings, the independency of truth, and beauty of the mere present existence; but in teaching others, they have to submit themselves to the forms and rules which have been composed, in many cases, by the necessities of social life, but, in others, by the mistakes of prejudice. They thus contract a familiarity with the world. They throw their own bright mantle over the forms that pass before them, and then forget what has made them so lovely. They confound the bright originals of their imagination with the representatives that have borrowed to make them visible to mankind; and, in their after-intercourse with the world, seek ideal good under earthly forms, and worship an earthly form for its ideal beauty. Their passions are burning, and intense in pro-

portion to the power of their intellects. The clearer and more elevated their minds, the deeper is their love or desire of the objects which their imaginations have clothed in beauty, or which their purified understandings have pronounced excellent. The events of their lives, therefore, as they bring before them objects that adapt themselves to their dispositions, as they satisfy or disappoint their desires, diminish their self-dependence, or drive them back upon the elysium they had almost lost,—as the circumstances of existence do one or the other of these, their thoughts will run in particular channels, be expressed in different styles, and manifest different moods of feeling. The situations in which they found themselves in the progress of existence, and the bright or gloomy atmosphere through which they passed, first affected the operations of their intellect, by the use which it had first made of them to assist its expression; but, as the objects they called around them became more and more mixed up with these creations of their mind, they gained an unconquerable power over their affections, and, in determining in what current those affections should run, passed, in fact, a law upon the intellect which subjected it to the varying circumstances and fortunes of human life. By bearing this in mind, the biographer of a poet may transmit to posterity the most valuable exposition of his works that could be written, and one which will not only clear the meaning, but give a deeper interest and a more spiritual meaning to every sentiment he uttered.

But literary biography has no better or more interesting purpose than the view it gives of the greatest and purest intellects, struggling under the adverse influences of human fortune. Independent of the value of closely written memoirs, in the view which has just been taken of them, they have, in the high moral interest of their details, a value belonging to very few other kinds of literature. No observation can be more ridiculous than that with which nine biographies of literary men out of ten are found to begin, namely, that their lives are very meagre in materials for the biographer. Of anecdotes or details that may illustrate the history of kingdoms, it is true they are; but of such as throw light on the history of man, they are full. Every action of a person of strong or refined intellect, manifests its internal working clearly and distinctly. It matters not whether it be important for the effects it produces or not. The determination of thought and feeling to a particular point is evident, and the human mind, with all its phenomena, is better developed, when exposed by turns to the general occurrences of life, than when called into exercise by the strong and overpowering necessities of public business. In the lives, therefore, of literary men, we are not to look for events or actions that may startle us, or interest the curiosity, but for such as may show the influence which the changing circumstances of existence have upon superior minds, or the power which an exalted intellect exercises over a mutable and capricious fortune. Regarded in this manner, the memoirs of men of genius are replete with interest and instruction. Their virtues have a grandeur which renders them venerable; their errors are awfully visible under the bright clear light which shines around their hearts. Their actions are but another expression of the feelings which give energy and pathos to their

compositions. Their patience in endurance of ill, their passion for the good and the beautiful, and even their recklessness of mind, are an evidence that the same spirit is ever living, and ever present, in the depth of their bosoms in the retirement of their homes, in the hopes and wishes that extend no farther than the little circle of their domestic sympathies, and in the love and joy of which the world is intended to know nothing. When a biographer has a sufficient acquaintance with his subject, and feeling enough to show us the man as well as the author, his work has a merit and an interest far higher than could be attributed to it for its most important illustrations of literary history.

LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First.
By I. D'Israeli. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.

No period of history, either ancient or modern, has had so many commentators as the reign of Charles the First. Men of all parties have spoken on the subjects it involves, with more than ordinary political fierceness; and works written on every point of constitutional history, have referred, for their most powerful arguments and interesting illustrations, to the events it records. A judicious reader of history will receive important benefit from this superabundance of assistance in his reflections; but, to the generality of historical students, it has proved a dangerous snare, and it would be difficult to find a subject on which more common-place errors, or unphilosophical opinions, are repeatedly broached, than on the conduct of the unfortunate Charles or his opponents. On every great question of public interest, this must almost always be the case; but there are some in which its consequences are worse than others; some on which we should wish to see clear, just, and philosophical views, universally prevailing, and in the discussion of which we feel it is of importance that men in every condition of society should be able to revert to principles that are the same in all ages, and should be taken as rules in the examination of every subject. Such are the questions agitated on the momentous affairs that led to the temporary destruction of the English monarchy. The least important truth to which the right discussion of them brings us, is an establishment of some useful principle in political philosophy for the study of them, in their different relations, unfolds more of the mysteries of social action, than the survey of almost any other period. But the more important a subject is, the less likely are we to find men treating it with that strict attention to unalloyed truth, which can alone render the examination useful. Facts are made of less value than opinions, and truth is venerated only as it speaks in unison with passion. So conspicuously has this been the case with the historians of the reign of Charles and their commentators, that we know of no one which could be put into the hands of an inexperienced reader with safety, till pains had been taken to guard him against some strong party misrepresentation of the author. It is, however, only from a multitude of witnesses, when a subject is debated with much virulence, that we stand a chance of arriving at any safe conclusion: we do not mean of witnesses who come to plead the cause of either side, but of such as bring additional facts to explain the occurrence of known incidents, and who have come before the public with the professed intention of assisting its judgment, instead of dictating to it. Among such writers Mr. D'Israeli ranks himself. Although his present production takes a higher rank than many of his former publications, it has, in a great measure, the same purpose in view. In bringing considerable good taste, as well as a persevering diligence, to the task of exploring the buried curiosities of knowledge, this author has performed a useful service, not merely for the general

reader, but for the scholar and the antiquary. Many an interesting truth has its confirmation in the pages of his miscellaneous works, and in employing the same resources and diligence used in their compilation, in illustrating an important period of history, he has laid claim to a still greater share of public praise. The object of Mr. D'Israeli, in the work we are noticing, has been to throw a new light on the occurrences of Charles the First's reign, by a close inspection of what records remain of his secret history, and that of his court. The following account of the King's situation in respect to his counsellors, is well worthy of extract:

'There was also a fatal discord among the King's intimate counsellors. The secret history of the Lord Keeper Williams, and Buckingham and Laud, would show a chain of cabinet intrigues, whose links are more perceptible to us, than they were probably to the parties themselves.

'Of these eminent political rivals, the Lord-Keeper Williams—then Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was the master genius. As a scholar, he partook, in common with many of that learned age, of that prodigal erudition which delights in inexhaustible quotations from writers whom we now deem obscure—but whose aptitude or felicity startles us, while we are reminded, that what lies forgotten may be as valuable as that which is remembered. But the native faculties of Williams excelled his acquired powers. His scintillant wit, his acute discrimination, his vigorous eloquence, come vitiated to our taste, by the quaintness or the pedantry of the prevalent style; his great powers seem encumbered by their worthless ornaments, but this ecclesiastical Lord-Keeper had far advanced beyond his age in the wide comprehension of his mind. His practised touch opened the hearts of men, and his commanding spirit appeared as much in the magnificence of his life, as in the might of his genius.

'As a statesman, his quick apprehension acted like inspiration; his sagacity struck with the force of prediction; but his restless ambition, though capable of more noble designs, and even of more generous feelings, had systematised intrigue; and what he could not obtain by wisdom and integrity, he would circumvent by servility and cunning. A great politician, but as subtle a Machiavellian, he maintained a whole establishment of the "juggling fiends" of espionage, and a long line of secret communication made him the centre of every political movement. It was a maxim with him, that no one could be a statesman without a great deal of money; and he once confessed that, from his studies of divinity, he had gleaned another principle, *licet uti altero peccato*, to make the sins of others useful. As he was not scrupulous in his means, among other extraordinary methods of gaining men for a temporary purpose, he exercised a peculiar faculty, which, if it deserve a name, we may call political imagination. Clarendon tells us, that on any particular occasion he could invent entire scenes, and lengthened conversations, perfectly appropriate to the persons, all which had never occurred. Such artful fictions had all the force of nature and truth. These apparent confidential disclosures made the stubborn, credulous; and the irresolute, firm.

'During the absence of the Favourite in Spain, the Lord-Keeper had practised on the fears, and perhaps on the wisdom, of the aged monarch. We discover papers slipped by sleight-of-hand into that lion's mouth for state-accusations,—the pocket of the King,—midnight interviews—addresses *à l'ignoto*—mysterious suggestions,—by which our wily politician at length possessed himself of the royal confidence, and had so effectually undermined his patron Buckingham, that, had James not died at the critical moment, the decline of the great Favourite's influence had certainly been resolved. With the most refined duplicity, this Episcopal Lord-Keeper was conducting two opposite systems. He was combining with the Earl of Bristol and the Spanish interest, at the moment the faithless confidant was warning his absent patron of "ingrateful devils at home." Williams displayed the ambi-dextrous felicity of one who pursues his certain end by uncertain means. Master of himself on all occasions, he would show himself in all forms; and versatility with him seemed no change in the unity of his designs.

'But these subterranean workers are frequently countermined, and are often taken by surprise as they grapple together in darkness. The mysterious conduct of the Lord-Keeper could not entirely hide itself from the jealous eyes of the Duke, who once avowed to Lord

Bacon, as his settled principle, that "the man who would not live by his smile, should perish by his frown." On his return from Spain, Buckingham found that Williams was running a course opposite to his. The Lord-Keeper was neglected; their intercourse was neither friendly nor frequent; his counsels were no longer required; and, though he remained in office, he was, in fact, discarded.

'When the Parliament met, the practices of the Lord-Keeper, with some of the leading men in the House of Commons, had insured him a strong party. This party was an awful engine, which his potent hand might wield at a secret touch. The Lord-Keeper, observing the rising faction which had threatened to call him to account, in the very presence of the King, on the first day he delivered his official speech,—soon turned round. He knew the lawyers were more particularly vehement against a churchman holding the seals, which they deemed to be the privilege of their brotherhood. Williams, unconscious that he himself was one of "the fatted calves" for sacrifice, directed the storm from bursting on his own head. By his reluctant confession it appears that he had held a secret intercourse with some of that party whom the courtiers called "the chief tribunes of the Parliament." He urged them to look about for nobler game, "fitter for such hunters than a silly priest." The suggestion was not whispered to the deaf or the dumb. The hunters soon chased the Duke; and, in the re-action, the Duke chased the Lord-Keeper.

'Intriguers usually drink out of the same poisoned chalice. The betrayer of his patron, in his turn, was betrayed by him whom he had patronised. This person was the famous Laud; he for whom Williams had procured his first rocket, and who then declared that "his life would be too short to requite that goodness." This new Bishop, ere his linen robe had hardly fallen into its folds, within eighteen months of his gratitude,—so short is its terms in politics!—observing that his patron was incurring the anger of Buckingham, avoided the falling greatness; while in that fall he meditated, night and day, on his own rise. If the worldly passions of a mere laic can work among churchmen at the distant prospect of a peaceable mitre, they rise with redoubled violence when churchmen are ministers of state, and ascend to pre-eminence in power by the dislodging of a rival. In this particular instance these passions so strongly affected the busy brain of Laud, that they painted their scenes in his very dreams. These he has superstitiously chronicled; they were the terrors and the jealousies, the hopes and the pleasantness, of his political day.

'October 3, Friday. I was with my Lord-Keeper, to whom I found some had done me some very ill offices. And he was very jealous of L. B.'s. (Lord Buckingham's) favour.

'December 14, Sunday night. I did dream that the Lord-Keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me.

'December 15. On Monday morning I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the shield gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord-Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him; and I think was dead in his affections.

'December 27, St. John's Day. I was with my Lord of Buckingham. I found that all went not right with the Lord-Keeper, &c.

'January 25. It was Sunday. I was alone, and languishing with I know not what sadness. I was much concerned at the envy and undeserved hatred borne to me by the Lord-Keeper.

'February 18, Wednesday. My Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation and submission of my Lord-Keeper; and that it was confessed unto him that his favour unto me was a chief cause. *Invidia, quo tendis? &c. At ille de noi foedus pepigit.*

'March 17. Lord Keeper, his complimenting with me.

'A year after, his political dreams of Williams followed fast on one another.

'Certainly Laud had "an alacrity" at dreaming; but at that day, which, in the annals of human nature, is not very distant from our own times, dreams—omens—apparitions, and a long train of vanished superstitions, were chronicled in diaries. I shall leave to the reflection of the reader those relating to his rival, the Lord Keeper, Williams. Such dreams, combining politics and fancy, form a very entertaining mode of writing secret history.

"January 13, Sunday. The Bishop of Lincoln desired reconciliation with the Duke of Buckingham, &c.

"January 14, Sunday. Towards morning I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But, returning, loosed from them, leaped on horseback; went away; neither could I overtake him."

"However, Laud did overtake Williams some years after, and kept him in the Tower for three long years.

"March 27. A certain person appeared to him who was dead, and whispering in my ear, told me that I was the cause why the Bishop of London was not again admitted into favour and to court."

"I have sometimes thought that some of these strange dreams were an allegorical representation of his own state of mind and circumstances, which he wished to conceal by this cryptical mode of writing."

"At the accession of the new Sovereign, the Lord-Keeper, ere he sunk on the arena, would wrestle with his mightier rival, the Duke. The young King was unhappily placed amidst the struggle, and had to choose between the cold policy of an artful statesman, whom his Father's wisdom had sanctioned, and the warmer influence of affection for the companion of his youth, and one on whom his hope now rested, as the hero and administrator of his glory.

"When Charles found that the inexorable Parliament would offer but scanty supplies, and that the contagion at London was spreading, he was at a loss how to act. To dissolve them was to leave himself amidst his utmost wants. Buckingham proposed to adjourn to Oxford, but was immediately opposed by the Lord-Keeper, who advised the prorogation. "It was not," he said, "a change of place, but a change of time, to which the King might look for a favourable change; six months hence might alter the spirit of the Commons." The Duke, casting an angry look on his opponent, impatiently cried out, that "public necessity must guide us more than one man's jealousy." On this, the Lord-Keeper prayed the King for a private audience, which was granted. In this interview, Williams informed his Majesty that the Lord-Duke had enemies in the House of Commons, who had no other aim but to bring the Duke on the stage. "Let this malady, or malice, call it which you will, sleep till after Christmas. There is no time lost in whetting the scythe well. At that time I hope to give such an account, by managing the chief sticklers, that they shall abate their bitterness against your great servant, and your Councils shall be peaceable."

"The King was startled. This was probably the first moment, that he learnt that a faction was formed against his minister and his friend. "Why," he asked, "do you conceal all this from Buckingham?"

"Good Lord, Sir!" was the reply, "fain would I begin at that end, but he will not treat me with moderation."

"It was obvious that the Lord-Keeper was now staking all his winnings on a single card, in a desperate game of political intrigue. He had succeeded in alarming the Father, and now he hoped to catch the son into an early tutelage. He failed with Charles, whose affections were too real to be shaken, and whose fears were not less genuine of trusting himself in the hands of a powerful intriguer. The Parliament, therefore, according to the advice of Buckingham, assembled at Oxford.

"Charles now expressed his disappointment at their ineffectual grant. Still no echo of sympathy responded in the House! And now they asserted, in a vague and gibbling manner, that "this Parliament was not bound by another Parliament," and, with a cruel mockery, suggested that "the King should help the cause of the Palatinate with his own money." The King in vain pressed for despatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; observing that "it was the first request that he had ever made to them." The words "first request" had an instant effect on some few; but his "poor Commons" offer their dear and dread Sovereign "only protestations of duty, alarms of Popery, and petitions on grievances; a term which Coke acknowledged to be premature at so early a period of this reign. There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate for a young Prince perplexed by a war which themselves had instigated, and which, by having placed him at the head of a confederacy in Europe, had involved his own and the national honour in the awful issue. But "the chief sticklers," as the Lord-Keeper had called the rising opposition, and which he afterwards designated by a variety of denominations, as "the stirring men,"—and "the dangerous persons of

the House of Commons,"—and "those disaffected persons who appeared so opposite to the royal ends"—these chief sticklers, when the pressing necessity of the times was urged, rejected Necessity as a dangerous counsellor, who would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. "If the King were in danger and necessity, let them answer for it who have put both King and kingdom into this peril." This oblique stroke, which aimed at the Favourite, Charles resented, declaring his ignorance of the cause by which the Duke had incurred their dislike,—he whom, not long since, they had spoken of with the language of idolatry. The King, in despair, dissolved this uncompliant Parliament.—Vol. I., pp. 247—259.

"Among the many monarchs who have owed their ruin, or, at least, a great part of their troubles, and those of their kingdom, to the intrigues and cabals of their Courts, Charles holds a conspicuous station. In this he was most unfortunate, as it could be attributed neither to his own vices, nor to those of his consort. They were both under the guidance of evil counsellors, and neither their love nor domestic virtues were able to avert the consequences. Our author has given an interesting notice of the character of the Queen's courtiers:

"Charles the First, at this early period of his reign, had not only to encounter the troubles of his Parliament, the disaffection of the people excited by his financial difficulties, and the anxieties attendant on his military expeditions; but even his own household opened for him a long scene of mortification, such as has rarely been exhibited under the roofs of the palace of the sovereign.

"Charles and Henrietta had met in youthful love; ardent and heartfelt had been their first embrace; but the design and results of a political marriage could not long be concealed, and their personal happiness was soon not in their own power to command.

"Henrietta, among her French household, forgot her endearing entreaty to Charles, which had so gracefully opened her lips on her arrival, that "he would ever himself, and by no third person, correct her faults of ignorance, youthful and a stranger as she was." In thanking her, the young Monarch desired that "she would use him as she had desired him to use her."

"But Henrietta had the whole French Cabinet invisibly operating on her conduct. Her mother, the Dowager of France, and her brother, the Monarch, flattered their hopes that a ductile princess of sixteen might serve as an instrument to maintain the predominance of the French interest in the English Court, nor does the English King appear to have been insensible to their attempt. It is only by entering into the domestic privacies of these royal personages, that we can do justice to Charles in a dilemma equally delicate and difficult.

"Of this political marriage, as of so many others, we may detect the secret motives of an union of adverse interests.

"No one, I think, has noticed the character of the French ambassadors who were sent immediately after the marriage. Every ambassador sent by France was acting under the councils of the Louvre to influence the Queen. The Count de Tillières, who had first come over here as Chamberlain to Henrietta, and was afterwards appointed ambassador, was dismissed with the rest of the French; and Charles sent an express prohibition to Tillières, that he should not presume to set foot on English shore to be near her Majesty, for that, "he would no longer suffer his sworn servant to be checkmate with him."

"De Tillières was succeeded by the Marquis de Blainville, whom we find keeping up a secret intercourse with the Queen and her numerous establishment. His official capacity was favourable to this disguised espionage; and his conduct here was such as to have incurred the peremptory refusal of Charles to allow his admittance to the presence either of the Queen or himself.

"One of the objects of the mission of De Blainville was to remonstrate on the protection which the English Court afforded to Soubise.

"But De Blainville had other important objects, and Charles was aware of them. Our acute English commentator on Bassompierre's journal of his short embassy to the English Court, in alluding to Father Sancy's conduct, one of her Majesty's political attendants, observes, that "one is surprised to find the English Court so early and so well apprised of this man's mission, as it appears they were." The fact is,

that Charles had no careless intelligencers at the French Court. Larkin was an active agent of the Duke's; and before De Blainville's arrival in England, his designs had been detected, and Larkin had anticipated his views. He had watched closely for them, and two dark speeches of the Queen-Mother and the Cardinal were for some time riddles hard to unravel, but he succeeded by the open confession of the Duke de Chevreux. "De Blainville comes," says Larkin, "to spy and discover what he can, and, according as he shall find cause, to frame cabals and factions, whereunto he is esteemed very proper, being characterised with the marks of a most subtle, prying, penetrating, and dangerous man."

"At that time, it was the usage for ambassadors to be maintained at the expense of the Court, who provided them with house, diet, and even post-horses; and the ambassadors, on their return home, left the marks of their liberality, or their parsimony, in gratuities to the Master of the Ceremonies, and other attendants. This absurd custom was productive of perpetual jealousies on the side of the ambassadors, and, at length, was found so inconvenient at the Exchequer, that Charles was compelled in his distresses to curtail, and, finally, to refuse this established mode of royal reception. De Blainville, from the moment of his arrival, insisted on being lodged in the King's Palace, and had reverted to some precedent as far back as the reign of Elizabeth; but Charles firmly objected to any foreign ambassador residing so close to him. De Blainville was ever on the watch to make what, in the style of the Master of the Ceremonies, is called "an exception;" that is, an allegation of something irregular in etiquette; and this French ambassador proved the most troublesome of guests to the hapless Master of the Ceremonies. Vaunting his high rank at his own Court, as *Monsieur le premier*, the first Gentleman of the Chamber, and his own great means, he threatened to refuse his Majesty's diet, and live at his own cost. This seemed tantamount to a proclamation of war to the urbane Master of the Ceremonies, who, in his curious diary, has registered these "stomachous speeches" with great indignation, and some trepidation. This wayward guest drove poor Sir John Finet to many a cruel shift to allow the ambassador, as a private person, what, if acknowledged to have been granted to him in his public capacity, might have become—that most serious of solemn affairs in the eyes of a Master of the Ceremonies—a precedent!

"How De Blainville occupied himself here, was, doubtless, not unobserved; but the best accounts of an ambassador's secret proceedings will usually come from the other side of the water. In a confidential despatch of the Earl of Holland at Paris, our Minister was informed of what he could not himself have so well discovered. "I must tell your Grace, that, by a friend whom I am tied not to name, I was showed the private letter that Blainville wrote to the King, in the which he sent him the whole proceedings of the Parliament, and concludes they will ruin you, naming great factions against you."

"De Blainville was evidently exerting an undue influence over the Queen, and sometimes outwitted the most correct arrangements of Sir John Finet. Once, on the removal of the Court, and the Queen staying behind, the Marquis's train of coaches and attendants having also set off, and all being prepared for the Marquis's stepping into his own carriage, at this instant he called for the Master of the Ceremonies, to confide to him the important secret, that he should stay behind—"pour se purger," as he professed,—a stratagem for his greater freedom of access to the Queen! His mysterious intercourse became evident; and, one day, when the King was going to Parliament, a difference arising between Charles and the Queen about the place where she was to stand, De Blainville was discovered to have occasioned her Majesty's obstinacy. From that moment the ambassador was forbidden any further access to their Majesties. The Frenchman stormed, and required an audience; Charles replied, that, "if he demanded an audience for any business of the King his master, it should be readily granted; but, if it was to expostulate about his own grievances, his Majesty refused to see him." The ambassador replied, that he was here for the King his master, and not for himself; the audience, therefore, referred to the person represented, and not to the representative. On the following day, despatching couriers, and refusing the King's diet, he prepared for his departure. His imperious conduct had often excited the indignation of the mob: the ambassador was assaulted in his house; and the Master of the Ceremonies notes down, that "the Marquis de Blainville was reputed to be the main

bontefeu of our war with France." He has made a lamentable entry in his diary: "The Marquis, after all the vaunts of his own great means, seemed to prefer his ill-humour; for he left the King's officers and servants, (myself in particular, after my so long and painful attendance,) ill satisfied with his *none at all*, or most unworthy, acknowledgments."

'By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment composed of her own people. As this arrangement was made during the life of James, it was limited to one hundred and twenty persons, in her state as a Princess of Wales. The French afterwards pleaded for an increased establishment for her rank as the Queen of England. Thus they gradually contrived to form nothing less than a small French colony, and, by a private account, it is said to have branched out, with their connexions, to about four hundred persons. This French party was forming a little republic within themselves; a political faction among them was furnishing intelligence to their own ambassadors, and spreading rumours in an intercourse with the English malcontents; while the French domestics, engaged in lower intrigues, were lending their names to hire houses in the suburbs, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to Catholic seminaries. The Queen's palace was converted into a place of security for the persons and papers of every fugitive.

'They had not long resided here, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the Queen, by herself; while Charles was impelled, by the popular cry, to forbid British Catholics serving the Queen, or even to be present at the celebration of her mass. Pursuivants would stand at the door of the Queen's chapel to seize on any of the English who entered, while, on these occasions, the French would draw their swords to defend the concealed Romanists. "The Queen and Hers" became an odious distinction with the people; and what seems not improbable, the Papists, presuming on the protection which the late marriage seemed to afford them, frequently passed through the churches during divine service, "hooting and hallooing." A Papist Lord, when the King was at chapel, is accused "of prating on purpose louder when the chaplain prayed," till the King sent his message, "Either let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate farther off." Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; in private, they were, of course, less reserved.

'Those who have portrayed the Queen as displaying an ascendancy over the political conduct of Charles the First, must at least acknowledge that she had not become a politician by any previous studies, or any disposition towards deep councils. Henrietta first conducted herself as might have been rather expected, than excused, in an inconsiderate Princess of sixteen, and exhausted her genius and her temper in the frivolous interests of her bed-chamber-ladies and her household appointments.—Pp. 199—208.

Our concluding extract gives a curious account of a celebrated character who flourished in the reign of Charles; and, as it has an interest different to that of the former passages, we prefer it to others of the same kind as those already inserted:

'Sir Fulke Greville, now become Lord Brooke, founded an Historical Lecture at Cambridge, endowing it with no penurious salary for that day—one hundred pounds per annum. Why an Englishman was not found worthy of the professorship has not been told. The founder invited the learned Vossius of Leyden to fill this chair; but the States of Holland laying at that moment augmented his pension, Vossius recommended to his Lordship, Dr. Dorislaus, an excellent scholar and a Doctor in civil law.

'The learned Hollander, so early as in 1628, was sent down to Cambridge by Lord Brooke, with the King's letters to the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of colleges, who immediately complied with the design of the noble institutor of this new professorship.

'Dr. Dorislaus delivered two or three lectures on Tacitus, but he had not yet gone beyond the first words, *Urbem Romanam primo Reges habuere*, when he discovered that he was addressing critical ears. He disserted on the change of government in Rome from Kings to Consuls, by the suggestion of Junius Brutus; he dwelt on the power of the people; and touching on the excesses of Tarquin, who had violated the popular freedom

which the people had enjoyed under his predecessors, he launched out in vindication of his own country in wresting their liberties from the tyranny of the Spanish monarchs.

'There was a tone of democracy in the lectures of the Dutchman, a spirit of republican fierceness to which the heads of houses had not yet been accustomed; and though the Doctor had particularly excepted such monarchies as those of England, where he said "the people had surrendered their rights to the King, so that in truth there could be no just exception taken against the sovereign," yet the Master of Peter-house, quick at analogies, and critical at deductions, communicating with the Master of Christ College and the Vice-Chancellor, a murmur rose which reached London, and at length the King's ear, of the tendency of these republican doctrines. Dr. Dorislaus at first offered to clear himself before the heads of houses; he proposed to dispatch letters to his patron, and other eminent personages, to explain his opinions, but at length resolving to address himself personally to Lord Brooke, he suddenly suppressed these letters, observing, that "he would see an accuser, before he replied to an accusation."

'What occurred at Court is obscure. The Bishop of Winchester, in his Majesty's name, suspended our history-lecturer; but shortly after, the suspension was annulled, and the Doctor allowed to return to his chair. Fuller, who alludes to this transaction, tell us, that "Dorislaus was accused to the King, troubled at Court, and after his submission hardly restored to his place." His first patron, however, who differed in his political sentiments from his successor, the republican Lord Brooke, in a letter to the Doctor requested that he would retire to his own country, assuring him, however, of his stipend during life. Lord Brooke, shortly after this generous offer, was assassinated by his servant.

'The Doctor, it is certain, never contemplated returning to his republic, and it is suspected that he had his reasons. This scholar and adventurer was "a fair conditioned man," as indeed appears by his portrait. He married an Englishwoman, was established a Professor at Gresham College—and this foreigner, whom Fuller describes as "a Dutchman very anglicised in language and behaviour," became a very important personage in the great Revolution of the land of his adoption.

'A history of this Dutch Doctor of Civil Laws, and Republican, would furnish a subject of considerable interest in our own political history. Although we have not hitherto been enabled to trace the private life of this remarkable character, for the long interval of twenty years, in which he was settled in this country; yet it is quite evident, that during this period he cultivated an intimate intercourse with the English Republicans of that day; for he became their chief counsellor, a participator in their usurpations, and acted in a high station in the Commonwealth. His death was not less political than his life.

'The first patron of Dr. Dorislaus, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, was succeeded in his title by his cousin, Robert Greville, whom he had adopted as his son. The young Lord was then scarcely of age, and the republican sentiments of the second Lord Brooke, imbued by the generous temper of youth, were so opposite to the monarchical character of the first Lord, that we have no difficulty in discovering his tutor in his own historical lecturer of Cambridge. In the dreams of his soul, lofty views of human nature broke forth, and in a romantic passion of patriotism and misanthropy, he had planned, with another discontented noble Lord, Say and Sele, to fly to the forests of New England, to enjoy that delusive freedom which he conceived that he had lost in the Old.

'Whether Dr. Dorislaus would have accompanied his pupil, and have forsaken the Academy of Gresham for an American savannah, may be doubted. The Doctor had abandoned his own Republic for a more comfortable abode in a Monarchy. The founders of sects are often very different in their views and temperaments to their proselytes. A cool head has often inflamed hot ones, as water feeds fire. Lord Brooke's motives were the purest which human nature can experience, yet such a secession from our father-land may be condemned as betraying more sullenness than patriotism.

'It was this Lord Brooke who afterwards sided with the Parliament, and whose extraordinary prayer, on the day of his death, at the storming of the church-close at Litchfield, has been adduced by those who presume to explore into the secret ways of Providence, as a demonstration of what they are pleased to term particular

providences, or judgments, while the opposite party, who do not object to these divine catastrophes whenever they happen to their enemies, never recognise one in the fate of their friends; thus it happens that the man whom one party considers as the object of divine vengeance, is exalted by the other into the beatitude of a saint. It would have been more reasonable to have remarked, that this very prayer, from the pure and noble mind of Lord Brooke, perhaps argued some painful doubts about the cause which he had espoused, and for which he was to die.

'If we consider the intimacy which this Lord Brooke must necessarily have cherished with the historical Professor placed on the foundation of his relative, and the whole tenor of his Lordship's actions, from his early days, it will be evident that this noble enthusiast was the political pupil of his republican Professor of Civil Law.

'When the rebellion of the revolution broke out, our speculative philosopher, Doctor Dorislaus, became a practical politician. The notions of government which he maintained well suited that base minority, who, in those unhappy days, triumphed over the monarchy and the aristocracy of England, and an indissoluble bond of political connection was formed between Dorislaus and the popular chiefs. The Dutch Doctor of Civil Law became their learned Counsellor, and their resolve agent, and the political adventurer received the gratitude of the co-partners and the profits of the co-partnership. We discover Doctor Dorislaus as the Judge Advocate in Essex's army; we find Doctor Dorislaus presiding as one of the Judges of the Admiralty; we behold the republican foreigner standing between the Attorney and the Solicitor Generals at the trial of the King of England; and when his ability had served the English Commonwealth so zealously at home, we see him commissioned by his friends in power to return to his native land, as their representative—the ambassador of England!

'There, when scarcely arrived, and in a manner the most unexpected, the Doctor terminated his career. His character was too flagrant not to attract the notice and indignation of the English emigrants. Some Cavaliers, maddened by loyalty and passion, who knew how actively Dorislaus had occupied himself in forwarding the unparalleled catastrophe which the world had witnessed, avenged the murder of their sovereign by an unpardonable crime—the crime of assassination. A party rushed into his apartment while he was at supper, and dispatched the ambassador of the new Commonwealth.

'This foreigner must have obtained an ascendancy in the Government not yet entirely discovered, and had been most intimately consulted on the events of the times, and more particularly in the conduct of the most criminal of the acts of the men in power.

'This appeared by the predominant party decreeing him a public funeral, attended by the Council of State, the Judges, and the whole Parliament. Even yet has chronicled this public funeral for "the villain who managed the trial against the King."

'It has been urged in favour of Dorislaus, that he did not speak at the trial of the King. It is probable that this foreigner might not have acquired all the fluency of forensic elocution, necessary to address those who were called the English people, on an occasion so tremendously solemn. Those, moreover, who had been forced up into supreme power, might also have still retained some slight remains of decorum, and scarcely have desired that a stranger, with a foreign accent, should plead for the English people against their Sovereign. But was Dorislaus less active because he was mute? As a civilian, he was most competent to draw up the indictment, such as it was; and he acted so important a part in the trial itself, that in the print we may observe this Dutch Doctor standing between the Commonwealth's Counsel, Cooke and Aske.

'Such is the story of Doctor Dorislaus, a foreigner, who was more busied in our history than appears by the pages of our historians. The concealed design of his historical lectures, when the professorship was first founded at Cambridge, seemed doubtful to many, but less so to discerning judgments. The whole tenor of the professor's life must now remove all doubts. Dr. Dorislaus was a political adventurer, a Republican by birth and principle, the native of a land where, in the youthhood of the Republic, a nation's independence had broke forth; there was no small town, scarcely an obscure spot, which did not commemorate some stratagem of war, some night assault, some voluntary immolation, or which bore not the vestige of some glorious deed. There the siege had famished the city; there the dyke, broken by the patriot's hand,

had inundated his own province. The whole face of the country was covered with associations of unconquered patriotism.

Dorians had willingly deserted this popular freedom and poverty to endure the servitude of monarchy in ease and competence. The Dutch Republican consented to join the English people, to adopt his own expressions, in "surrendering their rights to their sovereign." Perhaps he afterwards deemed that "the majesty of the people" retained the power of revoking their grant. His Roman intrepidity, if our lecturer on the seven Kings of Rome ever possessed it, was now lurking among intriguers, and his republican pride at length was sharing in the common spoil.

Such is the picture of a Republican whose name appears in our history, and who acted a remarkable part in it, but who has not hitherto received the notice which he claims.—Vol. ii., pp. 335–344.

The two volumes now before the reader are only a part of Mr. D'Israeli's work, and terminate with the third Parliament. We trust the author will be able to conclude his undertaking as successfully as he has commenced it.

BOTTA'S HISTORY OF ITALY.

History of Italy during the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon Buonaparte; translated from the Italian of Carlo Botta. By the Author of 'The Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.' 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin and Craddock. London, 1828.

THE Italian History of Carlo Botta is already well known on the Continent; and it is one which, through the medium of a translation, is likely to prove very acceptable to a large class of English readers. It is written in a style attractive for its ease and occasional elegance, is full of amusing incident and anecdote, and contains several descriptions of scenes characteristic of war, under the most terrible shapes it can assume. With these attractions, however, for the general reader, it is not adapted to obtain the approbation of the more thoughtful class of students, or those who look at history as the associate of philosophy. The annalist of modern Italy wants both energy and boldness of comprehension; and, while the events he relates, seem to inspire him with an enthusiasm for description or narrative, he appears to trifle with the reasonings which properly belong to the subject. But, though this is the case, and the value of his writings is consequently much less than it would be, had they been composed by a deeper, and, perhaps we may say, correcter thinker, it is to be borne in mind, that an historian may be very superficial, or even mistaken, in his opinions or arguments with regard to the theoretical views of his narrative, and yet be a very useful, as well as interesting, writer. In this manner ought the present work of Carlo Botta to be considered. In the inferences he draws from, and in the sentiments he grafts upon, his details, he is not often to be regarded as a safe guide, or as writing with the dignity of an historian: but his *Memoirs* afford, in the main, a good view of the period to which they relate; and, as the author was personally engaged in several of the events he describes, the information they contain has an additional claim to attention.

Botta's original work contains twenty-seven books, and commences with the reign of Leopold in Tuscany, and is carried on through the different periods of the French Revolution, the translation now before us comprehending the history of Italy only from 1799 to 1814. Before opening these volumes to our readers, we may mention that Botta is a native of Piedmont, and by profession a physician. During the troubles in Italy, he suffered a variety of fortunes, in his conduct under which he seems to have materially hazarded the respect and friendship of all his associates. Having taken refuge in Lombardy, in 1798, he was employed, by the French, as physician of the forces, and sent to Corfu. He afterwards returned to Italy, and was put into the Provisional Government by Joubert; but he was soon after obliged to take refuge in France from Suwarrow

He again became a member of the Piedmontese Government, when the success of the French enabled him to return to Italy; but he appears to have been pursued, by all the wits of the country, with the most biting sarcasms and abuse. In 1802, when Piedmont was annexed to France, he was made a member of the Legislative Council, and, subsequently, the Vice-president. During his enjoyment of this post, he wrote a History of America. No change of sovereigns appears to have much affected him; for, in 1814, he went to France, and was patronised by Louis XVIII. When Buonaparte again appeared, for a short time, on the stage, Botta also again became his partisan. The consequence of this was a loss of the office which Louis had conferred upon him; but, whether his vacillation and want of firmness rendered him insignificant, or his eloquence was sufficient to justify his conduct, he was suffered to continue in Paris unmolested. He is there still, and is at present employed in writing a continuation of Guicciardini. The slightest notice we think of such a life as this is sufficient to take away any confidence in the opinions of the man; not so, however, with regard to his narrative: and we shall, therefore, select our extracts more with respect to their amusing and descriptive character than any other. We take our first from the account of the siege of Genoa, at the period just after the last unsuccessful sortie of Massena:

‘Having here to describe the aspect of Genoa in these latter days of the siege, I cannot but deplore the fate of an Italian people reduced to the extremest misery,—not in a struggle decisive of misery or slavery, but to determine whether a city, desolated by rapine, slaughter, famine, and pestilence, should, in the end, be subject to Austria or France! Krith prevented the entrance of supplies by sea, Otto by land. Provisions became scarce—scarcity grew into want.

‘When this deficiency was first dreaded, food was dealt out in scanty portions; it was then adulterated; and, finally, every thing most disgusting was devoured—not only horses and dogs, but even cats, mice, bats, and worms; and happy was he who could obtain these. The Austrians had taken the mills of Bisagno, Voltri, and Pegli, and none were left to prepare the corn. This was remedied, for a time, by using hand-mills, chiefly coffee-mills. The Academy was employed to devise better ones; and they invented springs, and wheels, and mills of novel construction, with some of the largest of which, one man could grind a bushel a day. In every street, in every shop, these machines were seen continually at work; in private houses—in familiar parties, every one was grinding: the ladies made it their pastime; but within a short time there was no more corn left to grind. When grain failed, other seeds were sought to supply its place: flax-seed, millet, cocoa, and almonds, were first put in requisition, for of rice or barley there was none; and these substitutes were roasted, mixed with honey, and baked, and were considered a delicacy. Parents and friends rejoiced with him who could, for an additional day, support himself and his family with flax-seed, millet, or a few grains of cocoa; even bran, a substance affording no nourishment, was also ground, and, when baked with honey, was eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger; beans were most precious. Happy were now, not those who lived, but those who died! The day was sad from hunger, and the lamentations of the famishing; the night was sadder still from hunger, accompanied by delirious fancies. When every kind of seed had been exhausted, recourse was next had to herbs; monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory, rampions, were diligently sought for, and as readily eaten as if they had been pleasing to the palate. Long files of people, men of every rank, ladies of noble birth, as well as plebeians, were seen examining every verdant site, particularly the fertile orchards of Bisagno, and the delightful hills of Albano, to dig out of them those aliments which nature has destined solely for the ruminating beasts. For a time sugar was used: rose, violet, and candied sugar, and every kind of confection were in general use. The retailers, men and women, sold them in public, in elegant little baskets adorned with flowers and garlands—a strange sight in the midst of all these pallid, emaciated, and cadaverous faces; yet thus powerful is the imagination of man, pleasing itself in embellishing that which, in its own nature, is most lamentable and terrible—a merciful dispensation of Providence, who will not man's despair. But enough:—women of plebeian, as well as

those of noble birth, who were alike seen to feed on what was most loathsome in the morning, ate of the most delicate confections in the evening. That the sight of extreme misery does not correct iniquity in the evil-disposed; Genoa, in her utmost distress, afforded an example but too horrible; for some, devoid of every feeling of humanity, and actuated only by the vile spirit of gain, used chalk in the eatables they sold, instead of flour, of which not a few of the consumers died, suffering under the agonies caused at once by hunger and by the deleterious compound.

‘During the siege, yet before the last extremities arrived, a pound of rice was sold for seven lire; a pound of veal for four; a pound of horse-flesh for thirty-two soldi; a pound of flour for ten or twelve lire; eggs at fourteen lire the dozen; bran at thirty soldi the pound. Before all was over, a bean was sold for two soldi, and a biscuit of three ounces weight for twelve francs, and none were at last to be had. Neither Massena, nor the other generals, would allow themselves greater indulgences than private individuals; they fared like the plebeians;—a laudable instance of self-denial, and highly efficacious in enabling others to bear up against their privations. A little cheese and a few vegetables was the only nourishment given to the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Men and women, in the last agonies of starvation and despair, filled the air with their groans and shrieks. Sometimes, while uttering these dreadful cries, they strove with furious hands to tear out their agonised intestines, and fell dead in the streets. No one relieved them, for no one thought but of himself; no one heeded them, for the frequency of the circumstance had made it cease to seem horrible. Some in spasms and convulsions and contortions groaned out their last amidst crowds of the populace. Children, left by the death or despair of their parents in utter destitution, with mournful gestures, and tears, and heart-broken accents, implored the pity of the passing stranger; but none either pitied them, or aided them; the excess of his own sufferings extinguishing in each man's breast compassion for the misery of others. These innocent deserted beings eagerly searched in the gutters of the streets, in the common sewers, in the drainings of the washing-houses, for a chance morsel of some dead animal, or any remains of the food of beasts, which, when found, was greedily devoured. Many who lay down alive in the evening, were found dead in their beds in the morning, and children more frequently than adults: fathers accused the tardiness of death, and some hastened its approach by the violence of their own hands—citizens and soldiers alike. Some of the French, preferring death to the anguish of hunger, destroyed themselves; others disdainfully flung down those arms which they had no longer strength to carry; and others, abandoning a habitation of despair, sought, in the camp of the enemy, English or Austrian, that food and that pity which were no longer to be found amidst the French and Genoese. But cruel and horrible beyond all description was the spectacle presented by the German prisoners of war, confined in certain old barges anchored in the port; for such was the dire necessity at last, that for some days they were left without nutriment of any description. They ate their shoes, they devoured the leather of their pouches, and, scowling darkly on each other, their sinister glances betrayed the horrid fear of being at last reduced to a more fearful resource. In the end, their French guards were removed, under the apprehension that they might be made the sacrifice of ravening hunger: so great, at last, was their desperation, that they endeavoured to pierce holes in the barges in order to sink them, preferring to perish thus, rather than any longer endure the tortures of hunger. As commonly happens, a mortal pestilence was added to the horrors of famine: the worst kinds of fevers carried off crowds from the public hospitals, the lowly hovels of the poor, and the superb palaces of the rich. Under the same roof, death might be seen in different shapes: one died maddened by hunger, another stupified by fever; some pallid from exhaustion, others livid with febrile spots. Every thing brought grief—every thing fear; for he who was still living awaited either his own death, or that of his nearest friends. Such was the state of the once rich and joyous Genoa; and the bitterest thought of all was, that her present sufferings could conduce nothing to future good, either as to her liberty or her independence.

‘The fortitude of all was exhausted. Massena alone retained his firmness, because his mind was bent on aiding the enterprise of the Consul, and on preserving intact his reputation as an unconquered commander; but, at last, when honourable conditions were offered

by Keith, he brought down his spirit to a composition, since even the loathsome and poisonous food Genoa was reduced to, could not last for more than two days longer. Yet, still, his tone was rather that of a successful than of a defeated General: he insisted on the cession being called a convention, not a capitulation; which the allies were forced to grant. Massena and his troops, about eight thousand in number, were to leave Genoa, unrestricted by any conditions, either as to their persons or their allegiance. They were free to return to France by land; and those who could not accomplish this march, were to be carried by the English ships to Antibes, or the Gulf of Juan. The German prisoners were given up. No inquisition was to be made as to the past, and those who wished to abandon Genoa were at liberty so to do; the allies were to furnish provisions, and take care of the sick; and, on the 4th of June, the city was to be delivered up to the Austrian and English forces. On the appointed day, accordingly, the first took possession of the gate of the lantern; the second of the mouth of the port. Then Otto entered in triumph with his army, Keith with his fleet; but the prize thus obtained by a tedious war of detail, was speedily wrested from them by a brief and vigorous campaign. The most ardent democrats went away with the French; amongst others, Morandi, the Abbate Cuneo, the advocate Lombardi, and the brothers Boccardi. The bells were rung as for a festival, hymns were sung, and, if bonfires were lighted by the partisans of the Austrians from affection, more were lighted by their enemies from fear. Every thing seemed to be as usual: bread, meat, vegetables, and provisions of all kinds re-appeared in abundance, and those who abandoned themselves without restraint to the first impulse of appetite, died in consequence. Thus many, who had not been destroyed by long inanition, were killed by satiety. The retailers and vendors, excited by the greediness of gain, strove to keep up the prices; but the infuriate populace fell on them in such a manner, as made them feel that hunger is a fierce counsellor. The peasants, under Azzaretto, endeavoured to sack the houses of the democrats, as they said, but, nevertheless, did not spare the aristocrats. But Hohenzollern, who had been left by Otto in command, restrained these excesses by military law. The Austrian commander created an imperial and royal regency, to which he called Pietro Paolo Celezia, Carlo Cambiaso, Agostino Spinola, Gian Bernardo Pallavicini, Girolamo Durazzo, Francisco Spinola di Gian Battista, and Luigi Lambruschini. The regency restrained the reaction of party vengeance ready to burst forth, by a laudable exertion of authority; but then came the opening of purses, an inevitable but cruel command in miserable Genoa. As for the rest, no sign was shown on the part of Hohenzollern, or of Melas, of any inclination, either towards the restoration of her ancient government, or her independence. Notwithstanding this, the aristocrats shouted *vivas* for the Emperor, from hatred against the democrats, just as the democrats had sent forth *vivas* for France, from hatred to the aristocrats;—blind slaves and madmen, both the one and the other; for they could not see, that from their private animosities sprang the ruin of their country, and the domination of foreigners.—Vol. i., pp. 51—61.

Our next extract gives a lively description of Napoleon's coronation at Milan. It is so mixed up with several of Signor Botta's remarks on the event, that it is altogether an excellent specimen of his general style and observations:

"The solemn entry of Napoleon into Milan was magnificent: he entered the city by the gate of Ticino, which had been called the gate of Marengo. The Municipality presented him with the keys on a basin of gold. "These," they said, "were the keys of the faithful Milan; the hearts of its people he had long possessed." In reply, he requested them to retain the keys, saying, that "he confided in the affection of the Milanese, and that they might confide in the assurance of his." This ceremony over, an immense concourse of people, rending the air with shouts of joy, followed him to the cathedral, where Cardinal Caprara, the archbishop, met him on the threshold, and there vowed respect, fidelity, obedience, and submission; prayed for the preservation of so great a sovereign, and besought St. Ambrose and St. Charles, the glorious protectors of the superb city, to bestow on him and all his family perfect health and perennial joy. The ceremonies in the cathedral being ended, the Ducal palace, ornamented for a festival, and proud of the honour bestowed on it, received the new king.

As it was generally known that Napoleon had gone

to Milan to assume the crown, deputations from the Italian cities and from foreign states were sent thither to meet him. Amongst others, Lucchesini, the bearer of Prussian orders and the agent of Prussian intrigues, brought to Napoleon, on the part of Frederick, the black and the red eagle, with which the new-made Emperor decked himself out, and showed himself to his soldiers. This was done to wound Austria; because at this time Frederick, in compliance with the advice of Lucchesini and Haugwitz, had resolved, with what prudence and success the appalled world has seen, to second in every thing, and for every purpose, the designs of Napoleon. Cetto was sent by Bavaria; Beust, by the arch-chancery of the German Empire; Alberg, by Baden; Benvenuti Bali, by the order of Malta; the Landemann Augusturi, by the mountainous Valais; the Prince of Masserano, by swarthy Spain; and by Lucena, Cotenna and Belluomini; while Tuscany sent a noble Corsini and a Vittorio Fossombroni. All came to honour and salute a potent and dreaded master.

The deputies of the Ligurian republic had business of a more serious nature to transact. The Genoese senate had sent the Doge, Durazzo, Cardinal Spina, the archbishop Carbonara, and the senators, Roggieri, Maghella, Pravega, Balbi, Maglione, Delarue, and Scassi, to whom the greatest caresses and the highest honours were paid. The minister, Marescalchi, and Cardinal Caprara, did all they could to entertain them with banquets, and to honour them with audiences and compliments; nor was less courteousness displayed by the ministers of France. On every occasion, the Doge was called "His Serene Highness," and the senators "Their Excellencies." Their master himself always smiled graciously on them, and spoke much at large and in mellifluous words to them: in short, amidst the general festivity, the Ligurian deputies certainly had not the minor portion. Those who did not understand the disposition of Napoleon, arguing from the favour they were in, called the Ligurians the happiest of people, and anticipated the brightest destiny for the little republic; but those who knew him suspected some hidden design and anticipated some shameful deceit. The Ligurian deputies themselves, those at least who were not concerned in the intrigue, (for some of them were implicated in it,) marvelled at being so caressed and honoured, and their minds were, therefore, not entirely free from fear. Admitted to an audience with the sovereign, they saw him serene and cheerful, congratulated him on his imperial dignity, and besought him to restore the commerce of his beloved Liguria. To this he replied, courteously, that he was aware of the affection of the Ligurians, which had always succoured the armies of France in times of difficulty; nor were their distresses unnoticed or unheeded by him. He assured them that he would wield his sword in their defence; that he was certain of the good-will of the Doge; and that he saw both him and the senators with pleasure. He would go to Genoa, and proceed thither without guards, as amongst friends. After this audience, they were received and caressed by the Empress and the Princess Eliza, the sister of Napoleon, married to Bacciocchi, who had recently been created a Prince. Every one, in short, showed fair seeming to the Ligurian deputies at the Court of Napoleon.

The iron crown having been brought to Milan with much solemnity and pomp, the preparations for the coronation were commenced; which ceremony was performed on Sunday, the 26th of May, a day on which the weather was auspiciously fine, and the sun shone brilliantly, as if in honour of the new sovereign. The Empress Josephine and the Princess Eliza preceded the Emperor, arrayed in gorgeous robes. Both were resplendent with diamonds—ornaments which, in Italy, they ought to have displayed less than in any other country. Napoleon followed, wearing the Imperial crown, and carrying the Regal crown, the sceptre, and the band of justice. He was clad in the regal mantle, the train of which was supported by the two grand equestrians; a pompous train of ushers, heralds, pages, aides-de-camp, masters of the ceremonies, ordinary and extraordinary, chamberlains and equestrians, accompanied him, and seven ladies, splendidly dressed, carried the offerings. Immediately after them, followed the great officers of France and Italy, and the presidents of the three electoral colleges of the kingdom, bearing the regalia of Charlemagne, of Italy, and of the Empire; while ministers, councillors, and generals, increased the splendour of the assemblage. And now came Cardinal Caprara, accompanied by his clergy, with the canopy of state, who, with a countenance of deep respect, conducted the Sovereign to the sanctuary. I know not if any one remembered at this moment, that it was from this same temple that St.

Ambrose had repulsed Theodosius, when stained with the blood of the Thessalonians. But modern prelates were not so particular in their scrutiny of Napoleon's life. The Emperor seated himself on the throne, and the Cardinal blessed the regal ornaments: the former then ascended to the altar, took the crown, and placed it on his head, uttering those words which excited the wonder of his flatterers—that is, of an entire generation: "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it." At this instant, the sacred vaults resounded with universal shouts of joy. Thus crowned, he seated himself on a throne at the other end of the nave, while ministers, courtiers, magistrates, and generals, stood around him. But the most beautiful spectacle was formed by the ladies, who were seated in ornamented galleries. On a bench to the right sat Eugene, the Viceroy, Napoleon's adopted son. On him the smiles of the assembly were freely bestowed, knowing that he was to remain with them to exercise the supreme authority. To the Doge and the Genoese Senators was assigned a place of peculiar honour in the Imperial gallery, and with them were forty beautiful women, magnificently attired. A splendid gallery, too, was set apart for Josephine and Eliza: the arches, the walls, the pillars, were covered with the richest hangings, with festoons of silk and draperies, bordered with fringes of gold. The whole formed a grand, a magnificent, and wonderful scene, truly worthy of the superb Milan: high mass was sung; Napoleon took the oaths, and the heralds loudly proclaimed his accession in these words, "Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, is crowned, consecrated, and enthroned. Long live the Emperor and King!" The last words were repeated three times by the assembly, with the most lively acclamations. By these pomps, and those of which Paris had been the scene, Napoleon contaminated all the glory he had won in Italy; for whoever, whether it be in peace or in war, labours solely for himself and not for his country, and ungenerously purposes to enslave her and bind her neck to the yoke, by means of the services he renders her, will not fail in the end to experience the retribution both of man and God. Such actions are iniquitous, not glorious; and, if they did please the age, the age itself was vile. When the coronation was over, the magnificent train proceeded to sing the Ambrosian hymn, in the Ambrosian church. In the evening, Milan was the scene of one great festival; immense bonfires were lighted, innumerable races were contested, and a balloon was sent up to the sky. On every side resounded songs and music; every where were balls and revels. All these pomps seemed to indicate security and durability, and already the authorities reposed to their satisfaction in their seats.—Vol. i. 303—313.

GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

Specimens of the German Lyric Poets. Post 8vo. pp. 110. 4s. 6d. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. London, 1828.

THE author of these translations from the German poets, has made his selection with considerable taste, and his version is equally distinguished for ability and clearness. We have met with very few volumes of minor poems more deserving of praise, either for the intrinsic beauty of their contents, or the unassuming manner in which they are sent before the public. The German scholar will recognise in the specimens it contains many of his most favourite pieces, and the mere English reader cannot fail to be delighted with the originality of style belonging to the translation of these exquisite little poems. There is not one we would have left out of the selection, and we trust the author will meet with sufficient encouragement to enlarge it considerably on some future occasion. We select the following:

The Ideal.—SCHILLER.

'And wilt thou faithless from me sever,
With all thy sorrows, all thy joys!
And painless depart for ever,
With all thy holy phantasies!
Can nothing, fugitive, allure thee
To stay life's golden spring for me?
In vain!—thy downward waves still hurry
On to Eternity's dark sea.

* The legend of the Crown itself. It derives the name of the Iron Crown from a small ring of iron supposed to be made of a nail of the true Cross, being placed within the gold circlet, which is narrow, and studded with a few dim gems.

'Quenched are the glorious suns, which shed
On life's gay path their cheering light:
The fond imaginations fled,
Which played before my dazzled sight:
That lovely faith is vanished too
In beings, whom a dream could buy;
What seem'd so fair, so heavenly true,
The prey of sad reality.

'As once with ardent fond embrace
Pygmalion to the marble clung,
Till on the statue's icy face
The glow of life and feeling hung;
So I, with kindred passion fir'd,
Young Nature to my bosom prest,
Till, by the genial warmth inspired,
She breathed on my poetic breast.

'The mute one soon a language found,
And equal ardour deigned to prove,
Gave to my heart an answering sound,
And warm returned the kiss of love.
Then lovelier bloomed the tree, the rose;
Then sweeter sang the silvery brook,
And matter, waked from dull repose,
The forms of life and beauty took.

'But soon the wild tumultuous strife
Of passions tore the labouring breast;
And forth I stepped resolved on life,
And to the goal of glory prest.
How great the world appeared, how bright,
While in the bud it lay unseen!
How little! opening to the light!
That little—ah! how poor and mean!

'Fond every fancy to pursue,
Unstained with crime, unbroke by care,
How, winged with ardour, forth I flew,
On life's fair course the race to dare:
Even to where ether's palest star
Almost eludes the piercing sight,
Nought was too lofty, nought too far,
To bound my bold adventurous flight.

'How lightly was I borne along
Through smiling pleasure's flowery reign!
How joyous rose the choral song!
How gaily danced the jocund train!
Love, who the tender promise breathed,
And Fortune, crowned with golden rays,
And Fame, her brow with stars enwreathed,
And Truth, who courts the sun's bright gaze.

But soon, deserted by my guide,
Who fled, but half our journey done,
The faithless Pleasures stepped aside,
And quickly vanished one by one;
Inconstant Fortune quite withdrew
The promise made in earlier youth;
And Doubt his chilling shadows threw
Round the fair sunny form of Truth.

'I saw 'twas but a common thing,
The star that beamed on Glory's brow;
And all too quickly passed life's spring,
And Love forgot his flattering vow;
And lonelier still the prospect grew,
And dark, and darker still the day,
And Hope a fainter glimmering threw,
That scarcely showed the dubious way.

'And who, of all that joyous train,
Regards me with unaltered mien;
And firm and faithful will remain,
'Till death has closed the mournful scene?
Thou! Friendship, every grief hast shared,
Each wound with gentle hand hast bound;
Thou! who... a happier fate has spared:
Thou! whom I early sought, and found!

'And she! who every art employs,
Like thee to calm the stormy breast;
Who labours slow, and ne'er destroys;
Sweet occupation! soothing guest!
She—who unwearied, grain by grain,
Patient the Eternal Fabric rears,
Yet steals away, till none remain,
Moments, and hours, and days, and years.'

'My Native Land.'—KOERNER.

'Where is the poet's native land?
Where noble streams of genius flow,
Where lovely wreaths for beauty blow,
Where manly hearts with passion glow
For all that's holy, fair, and grand:—
THERE is my native land.

'How named the poet's native land?
Now, all her noble spirit broke,
She pines beneath a foreign yoke;
Once she was named LAND OF THE OAK,
THE LAND OF FREEDOM.—GERMAN LAND:—
THIS weeps my native land.

Why weeps the poet's native land?
That to the tyrant's stern decree
Her princes bow the suppliant knee,
And none proclaim their country free,
Or dare to join her patriot band:—
THIS weeps my native land.

Whom calls the poet's native land?
She calls on powers that slight her prayer,
With thunder-words of dark despair
For freedom—for a Saviour's care,
For the avenger's righteous hand:—
THIS calls my native land.

What would the poet's native land?
She would beat down the usurping race,
The blood-hound from her border chase,
Her free-born sons with freedom grace,
Or free the buried in the sand:—
THIS would my native land.

And hopes the poet's native land?
She hopes, for sacred justice' sake,
She hopes her sons will yet awake,
She hopes, that God her chains will break,
To see outstretched the avenging hand:—
THIS hopes my native land.'

The Secret.—SCHILLER.

'SHE might not give one little sign,
Too many witnesses were near,
But well the look I could divine,
Which chased away each doubt and fear.
And now with lightsome foot I steal
To thy green shade, thou lovely bower:
Oh! from the prying world conceal
The raptures of this lonely hour!

'The mingled sounds too faintly come
To violate this calm retreat,
Yet 'midst the distant busy hum
I hear the ponderous hammer beat;
So man his scanty pittance rends
From cruel fate with bitter strife,
But free from bounteous heaven descends
All that endears, and gladdens life.

'Oh! let the bustling crowd forbear
To ask how blest true love can be!
They hate the joy they cannot share,
Delight the ruined hope to see.
The envious world can never brook,
A bliss its harder fate denies:
Quick! ere it cast its withering look,
Quick must thou seize the transient prize.

'Joy loves to glide, almost unseen,
'Midst silence and the stilly night;
But where the traitor's eye has been,
She heavenward wings her hasty flight.
Pour from thy urn, thou gentle spring,
In broader stream come sweeping by,
Thy threatening waves around us fling,
And guard this holy sanctuary.'

Song.—GOETHE.

'Know'st thou the land where sweet the citron blows,
Where 'midst dark leaves the golden orange glows,
Where milder zephyr breathes from azure skies,
And on the odorous myrtle softly dies?
Know'st thou it well?—How sweet to rove
In that fair land, with thee, my gentle love!

'Know'st thou the palace with its pillar'd halls,
Where dancing splendours gleam along the walls,
Where marble statues, bending, seem to say,
"And why so sad, my gentle child, to-day?"
Know'st thou it well?—Blest should I be,
Might I but there my kind protector see!

'Know'st thou the mountain, where the muleteer
Tracts thro' dark clouds his path with doubt and fear,
Where dismal caverns hide the dragon-brood,
Rough soars the cliff, and foams the dashing flood?
Know'st thou it well?—Away! away!
Father, arise!—I may no longer stay!"

ASCENT TO MONT BLANC.

Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th August, 1827. By John Auldjo, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4to. Longman and Co. London, 1828. pp. 120.

WE availed ourselves, in a late Number of 'The Athenæum,' of a portion of Mr. Auldjo's work which came into our hands, to give our readers a specimen of its very interesting contents. An ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc is among the boldest enterprises of a traveller; and, short as the period is which is taken up in the arduous journey, as many perils are to be encountered, and as many escapes to be recorded, as a traveller on the surface of the earth would meet with in more years than this occupies days. The author of this entertaining volume has deprecated, in his Preface, all attempts at literary excellence in the composition of its pages; but he has, notwithstanding, written them in a most charming and elegant style, and we have very seldom met with a narrative fuller of more striking descriptions, or more lively details. The preparations for the ascent, the farewells of the enterprising party, and the feelings of the author himself, before setting off, are all admirably well described, and give a deep interest to the whole narrative. The same may be said of the account of the various hair-breadth escapes, in passing the terrific chasms that impeded the progress of the party, the methods made use of to guard against their instant destruction, and of the even magnificent descriptions given of the scenery, from different points of this wizard-monarch of mountains. We could well occupy many of our columns with extracts from Mr. Auldjo's work, but must content ourselves with giving the following passage, which occurs in the account of the descent; remarking, however, that it is but one among many others of the same character, especially those in which the writer describes his sensations while passing the night in the hushed and awful solitude of the mountain:

'It may be remembered, that we had placed a bottle to mark the turn in the route which had been made in ascending to the Grands Mulets, after we had passed under those rocks. To this point we directed our course, having discovered the neck of the bottle appearing above the new-fallen hail, which had deprived us of all trace of our course. There was some difficulty and considerable danger in getting to this bottle, requiring our greatest caution in sounding with the baton at every step we made, lest there should be any new crack or hole in the ice concealed under the bed of hail. Indeed, after quitting the Mulets, until we left the glacier, we were obliged to use this precaution. Having reached this point, we turned back towards the foot of the rocks, but unfortunately missed the route, and got into the centre of crevices without number; some of the guides declaring that it was the line of our ascent, and others the contrary. No way, however, could be found of crossing the crevices which faced us, and we continued winding among them, until, at last, it was quite evident that we were wrong, and we were obliged to stop. To add to our misfortune, the storm recommenced with greater violence than before; the hail-stones, large and sharp, driven with force by the wind, inflicted great pain on the face; we were exposed to it, standing on a narrow ledge, overhanging an abyss. In this situation we awaited, for a short time, the return of two guides, sent to explore the crevices and banks around us, in an endeavour to discover the route of our ascent, but with very little hope of success; indeed, it was greatly feared that we would have to remain where we were for that night. Tremendous gusts of wind now burst upon us, and the storm increasing every instant, compelled us to seek some place in the glacier in which we could obtain shelter; following the foot-marks of the guides, who had gone forward, we succeeded in finding a recess, formed by the projection of a part of the glacier over a narrow ledge in the side of a deep crevice. Along this we moved with great care, and had just space to stand in a bending posture, and in a row. I was wet through, and suffered excruciating torture from the cold, and the position I was obliged to remain in.

'The storm raged with most awful fury; the gusts of wind, the pelting showers of hail, accompanied by

most vivid lightning, and peals of thunder, alternating with a perfect calm, were enough to appal the bravest of the party. We waited some time in this situation, when in one of those moments of calm was heard the loud halloo of one of the exploring guides, who was returning to us, and called to us to advance, for they had found the angle which we had so much difficulty in climbing up the day before. We soon joined him and his companion, who conducted us to it. Nearly deprived of the use of my limbs, from the excessive cold and wet state of my apparel, I could scarcely walk, my fingers were nearly frozen, and my hands so stiffened and senseless that I could not hold my baton, or keep myself from falling. Supported by one guide, (the bank on which we were proceeding would admit of no more than two abreast,) I moved slowly forward, and in this state arrived at the angle. The only change which appeared to have taken place was on the neck or tongue below the cliff. The day before, it touched or slightly rested on the wall, but the end of it had fallen in, so that there was some difficulty in getting to it from the last step in the wall. One or two of the guides betrayed evident signs of fear, for the black thick clouds in which we were involved caused a gloominess approaching to darkness, and which was actually produced in the gulf of the fissure. The lightning flashed every moment, immediately followed, or rather accompanied, by claps of thunder, showing its proximity to us, and the loud peal rolling among the mountains and glaciers, reverberated with most terrific grandeur, shaking the broken masses of the latter in such a manner, that we dreaded, at every explosion, to be hurled into the deep crevice, or crushed by the fall of some part of the glacier.

"This was not a time or situation to remain in longer than was necessary for cutting steps in the wall, instead of those which had been injured; nor was it a position in which any attempt could be made to restore life to my hands, or animation to my body. I had now nearly lost all feeling, from the effects of the cold; and, being incapable of making any exertion, I was lowered down to the guides, who were already on the ledge beneath the wall. At the very moment that I was rocking in the air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss, and showed all the horrors of my situation: while the crash of the thunder seemed to tear the glacier down upon me. I was drawn on to the neck of ice, and sat down until the other guides had descended. The hearts of two or three failed, and they declared that we must all perish; the others, although conscious of our awfully dangerous position, endeavoured to raise the courage and keep up the spirits of the depressed. All suffered dreadfully from the cold, but, with a solicitude for which I shall ever be deeply grateful, they still attended to me in the kindest manner. They desired me to stand up, and, forming a circle, in the centre of which I stood, closed round me. In a few minutes, the warmth of their bodies extended itself to mine, and I felt much relieved; they then took off their coats, covering me with them, and each in turn put my hands into his bosom, while another lay on my feet. In ten minutes, I was in a state to proceed; we divided equally the last half bottle of brandy, and then moved down the neck of ice. A guide gave me his thick cloak, which, though wet, kept me warm. I walked between two batons held horizontally by two guides, one before and the other behind me, and which I could grasp without taking my hands from under the cloak."

The volume contains some excellently designed and lithographed plates, which add considerably to its value. It is altogether one of the most interesting publications of the day, and does Mr. Auldjo as much credit for his literary taste, as his enterprise did for his boldness and perseverance.

The Carcanet, a Literary Album, containing Select Passages from the most distinguished English Writers. Pp. 248. Pickering. London, 1828.

THE fashion of Album-keeping is a pleasant and useful one. It induces many an idle reader to look into good authors who would otherwise, content himself with romance, and fixes valuable truths on the volatile mind, which would otherwise perhaps, receive no profit from the best books. 'The Carcanet' is a very elegant little volume, and convinces us that the Album, from which its contents have been selected, was formed by the hand of good sense and good taste. We recommend it as excellently adapted to furnish employment for the little waste portions of time that are continually occurring, and to endow even minutes with some treasure for futurity.

ENGRAVINGS.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming, with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations, by J. M. Leighton. 4to. Price 5s. 6d. each No. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

THE two first Numbers of this interesting Work were sent to us yesterday, and we have looked through them with considerable pleasure. The undertaking originated at Glasgow, where the Engravings have been made by Mr. Swan, and these, as well as the letter-press, are quite equal to any similar work published in London—a fact of some importance, as indicating the advance of these arts in the provincial cities and towns of England and Scotland generally. The Series is intended to be completed in ten or twelve quarto parts, each containing three Engravings, and twelve pages of letter-press, descriptive of the several views; and the following are the subjects contained in the two first numbers.

1. Carstairs House, the Seat of Henry Monteith Esq., a fine pile, in the manorial or domestic Gothic style.—2. Bonniton Linn, or the Upper Fall of the Clyde from the north, near Lanark.—3. Cartland Craigs, and Bridge, from the east; a piece of beautiful romantic scenery.—4. Corra Linn, and Castle, from the north-west.—5. Fall of Stonebyres, from the south-west; two beautiful specimens of foaming cataracts.—And, 6. Mauldslee Castle, another building of the Gothic style, seated in a fine park.

The Work is altogether one of the best that we remember to have seen from the provincial press, and is well worthy of the adoption it has received from the London publishers, under whose names it appears.

Series of Sketches from Nature. By Samuel Lines, Jun. Hudson. Birmingham, 1818.

THE great merit of these Sketches has induced us to notice them in our Reviews of Works of Art, although not coming to us in the usual List of London Publications. The artist being a resident of Birmingham, has, naturally enough, issued his work there; though it would have been more advantageous to himself, as well as to the public, if they had been published in London,—the great centre of supply for all works of this nature. The Series extends from 1 to 5, varying in size and price; the smallest being 1s., and the largest 2s. 6d. each. The subjects pass from the simplest efforts to the more elaborate productions of landscape; and, being lithographed in imitation of pencil-drawing, they form a progressive Series of as pleasing and instructive lessons as can be placed in the hands of any young amateur or artist.

The Duke of Wellington, from a sketch by John Jackson, R. A. Dickinson, London, 1828.

THIS is a lithographic print of extraordinary beauty, being, in fact, as near to copper-plate, in precision and effect, as it is possible to imagine. It forms No. 8 of Mr. R. J. Lane's lithographic imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists, and surpasses all the previous Numbers in the same series; though these, as we have before stated, are among the best productions of the class of art to which they belong.

NEW MUSIC.

No. 2. of the Musical Album, for the Piano-Forte, (and Flute ad lib.) containing 'the Heaving of the Lead,' arranged by Rawlins. Cramer and Co., 3s. 6d.

RAWLINS has followed up the plan proposed by Cramer in the first number of this excellent periodical, and has presented a chaste and pleasing piece of English music; an introduction of three pages (in E flat, 3-4 time), is recommended to be moderate but animated; and Shield's delightful old English melody is to be played with expression, and not too fast. The arrangement is extremely well effected, and the melody chastely and appropriately harmonised.

'Love like a Bird.' A ballad sung with distinguished applause, by Mr. Braham, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Drinkwater, by Walter Turnbull. Willis and Co., 2s.

A pleasing little song, (in G, 2-4 time), marked rather improperly *Scherzando con amore*; the 'con amore' is well enough, agreeing with the words, but the 'Scherzando' is by no means its characteristic. The highest note being E in the 4th space, the performance requires but a very moderate compass of voice: the modulations are ingenious and well conceived.

L'Aurore, ou Journal de Guitare. Choix des plus beaux morceaux, composé pour cet instrument. No. 1. contenant dix-huit pièces pour la Guitare seule, de Giuliani, Legnani, Aguado, Carulli, Diabelli, et Horetzky, et 'Ad altro laccio vedersi in braccio in un momento.' Air, favori de Giuliani, Poésie de Metastasio, choisi et corrigé par Monsieur Horetzky. Ewer and Johanning, 4s.

By inserting the above voluminous title, we offer the only description necessary; and can but add, that the work seems fully equal to its profession. Eighteen clever and well-arranged pieces, for the Guitar, besides an interesting Italian Arietta, well brought out, and occupying a score pages, in a neat wrapper, for 4s., must be unusually cheap, attractive, and acceptable: we should have subjoined a list (as well as a description) of the various 'beaux morceaux'; but it would have occupied too much space in our review.

'Lo, where in flocks, the wild doves blending,' the celebrated Ranz-des-vaches 'Les armailles du Colombetta,' translated and adapted to the original Swiss air, by William Ball, with an accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte. Birchall, 2s.

THIS is a pleasing adaptation of that 'Ranz-des-vaches' which has been longest and best known in this country, and of which Rousseau makes the following remarks in his *Diet de Musique*. 'Air célèbre parmi les Suisses, que leurs jeunes Bouviers jouent sur la Cornemuse en gardant le bétail dans les montagnes;' and again he says, 'Cet air si chère des Suisses, qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort, de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertier, ou mourir, ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitait en eux, l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays.'

In the allegro movements, the adapter has, in the first bar, (which in the course of the piece is repeated eleven times,) written the progression of the treble, bass, and vocal part, in precisely the same notes, which is alike offensive to the eye and the ear, to judgment and taste, and (we hope and trust he knows) decidedly ungrammatical.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments, for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs, (No. 4.) Cocks and Co., 3s.

THIS fourth Number is equally estimable with its predecessors, and is formed of the following acceptable materials, viz: No. 1. 'In my cottage near a wood,' the admired French air, embellished by the editor. No. 2. 'Auld Robin Gray,' with three ingenious variations also by Dressler. No. 3. A Rondo, by Berbiguier. No. 4. Mozart's 'Batti Batti,' adapted in the key of D, and embellished by Kuhlman. (This forms a showy Flute solo, but a little too florid for the nature of the melody.) No. 5. An elegant little Romanza by Berbiguier. No. 6. 'The Blue Belles of Scotland,' arranged in A, with four variations by Dressler. No. 7. 'Ye banks and braes,' as a duet for two Flutes, in F; and six short Preludes, composed by Gabriellak, conclude the fourth book.

'Oh! Time is like a river,' a duet, the words from Poems by Henry Neele, the music by P. H. Bernard, Esq., of the 68th Light Infantry. Latour, 2s.

A very pleasing, well-arranged, and easy duet; a 'Moderate con espressione,' (in F, 6-8 time.) The first two bars would answer well as a variation to the first two bars of 'I'd be a Butterfly;' but the similarity is purely accidental. The whole is in good taste, and creditable to the musical talents of the writer, as an amateur; but his denomination as 'of the 68th Light Infantry, forces upon one's imagination and remembrance, Gloster's famous soliloquy:

'Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He trims darts, and publishes in Bond Street!'

LE MARQUIS DE DALMATIE,

Son of Marshal Soult, has been making a tour in Italy, and, having visited Florence, wished to pursue his journey to Milan and Venice. His passport was, however, returned unsigned by the Austrian Ambassador, with the announcement that 'the title he had assumed rendered it expedient to forbid him entrance into the imperial territories.'

THE LAST OF THE GIANTS.

Ἐνθα δ' ἄνθρω ἐνίαντα πειρώριος

..... οὐδὲ μετ' ἄλλους
Πηλεΐδα. ODYSSEY, b. ix.

ABOUT the middle of the 15th century of our era, a brigantine, which had sailed from the Tagus, was wrecked on that north-western corner of the great continent of Africa, where the ancients had placed Mount Atlas. The whole crew were lost on that inhospitable beach with the exception of a single person. Roderick was a strong and daring man, of middle age, who, in his wandering life, had seen many changes. He had fought and acquired distinction in Italy, and had studied in Spain with such success, as to become master of several of the most ancient languages of the East, besides the fashionable sciences of logic, metaphysics, astronomy, medicine, and theology. His character was, in fact, a singular mixture of the soldier and the philosopher. Amid the destruction of his comrades, he saved little more than his life, his sword, and a bag of hard biscuit, which had suffered considerably from the salt-water. Supported, however, by this bitter and scanty fare, he journeyed for some days towards the interior of the country. He travelled at night to avoid the heat of the sun, and sought for rest and concealment by day; and he was compelled to eke out his sustenance by wild fruits. In this manner he made good his progress for thirty days, at the end of which time he found himself at the foot of a steeper, more rugged, and more lofty mountain, than any he had previously passed over. The full moon enabled him to examine the barrier which opposed him; and, after some scrutiny, he discovered a ravine, which led up the side of the vast eminence, and appeared to be the bed of a winter torrent; it was now dry, and he determined to pursue the course it marked out for him. After struggling upwards the whole night among rocks and sand, he found himself at day-break still far from the summit, and, discovering a small clump of trees which shaded the side of the gorge, at no great distance, he resolved to repose there for the day. Some drops of water fortunately trickled through the rocks, among their roots; and, when he had availed himself of this resource to quench his thirst, he stretched himself in the cool and dim retreat, and speedily sank to sleep. His slumber lasted for the greater part of the day; and, when he awoke, the sun had so far declined that his disk seemed resting on the summit of the pass. He left the shade of the trees beneath which he had spent the day, and gained the middle of the ravine. A considerable ledge of stone arose in his front, over which he climbed; and, just when he had lifted his head above its edge, a noise like a sudden peal of thunder seemed to break from the height above: he raised his eyes in that direction, and saw rushing towards him a huge mass of rock, broken from the mountain, and rolling down with the speed of a torrent. It came on crushing the few trees which grew in its path, and shattering the crags on which it struck. Roderick crouched below the ledge he had been surmounting; and the enormous block bounded over his head, and crushed downwards to the plain. He immediately regained his former position; and it was his first impulse to look up for the purpose of discovering the cause which had loosened the crag, and placed him in so tremendous a peril. His eyes were directed to the break in the mountain, towards which he had been toiling; and he saw, standing against the sky, and showing dark between him and the sun, a being of such monstrous size, as no pageant had ever exhibited, no tale ever told of. The rocky soil was still crumbling under his foot; and some detached fragments, though smaller than the former, were bursting at intervals down the ravine. He leaned upon a cedar which seemed recently up-rooted; and the hands clasped upon its top looked each of them larger than the largest

shield employed in the wars of Europe. His head was bent down towards the plain; and, amid its grim and shaggy swarthiness, Roderick thought he could perceive a look of melancholy. Except that a diadem of gold encircled his grey hairs, his body was entirely destitute of ornament; and a virgule of lion-skins, covering his loins, was his only vesture. He stood thus mournfully surveying the wilderness for many minutes, and seemed a mighty colossus of granite, fixed for ever upon the mountain. His shadow darkened the pass; and Roderick could perceive that it stretched for leagues over the desert. At last he turned himself slowly, and the light streamed in upon the darkness which he had made. He stretched his arm, and again the soldier felt the cold shadow on his brow. The object of his consternation gained, with a few strides, the very crest of the eminence, through a hollow of which the traveller had been labouring. The Giant sat down upon the summit, seemingly without perceiving that he had crushed a thicket beneath him. He leaned his head upon his arm, and let the cedar fall from his hand, as if it had been a wand. It dropped not far from Roderick; and he thought that no trunk of such prodigious measure had ever been nourished in the forests of Spain or Germany. But he withdrew his eyes to look at the monster, and saw that he seemed to have composed himself to meditation. His limbs lay along the ridge of the mountain; he appeared to take in at a gaze the whole continent beneath him; and the outline of the giant, touched by the last splendour of the setting sun, showed in all the immensity of its proportions with a distinctness which would have been beautiful had it not been terrible.

But darkness came, and the being on whom Roderick looked was no longer any thing more than a shadow among shades, a mass, like a thunder-cloud, of threatening obscurity. The traveller remained motionless and silent; and, at last, the giant lifted himself against the firmament, and disappeared behind the ridge of the mountain. Roderick pursued his way in much of fear, and something of perplexity; though he was less astonished at what he had seen than would have been the modern philosophers, whom presumption has made sceptical. He proceeded up the pass, and, after the labour of several hours, approached its highest elevation. But, long before he reached the top, he heard, with surprise and alarm, a succession of crashing noises like the sound of a vessel's masts and timbers breaking in the tempest. He arrived at the highest part of the gully; and the mountains, on one of which he had before seen the Giant recline, rose high on either hand. The stars were out above the crags; and a bright moon showed clearly the whole wonderful prospect which lay before him. He had now gained access to a large and wooded valley, a basin among the hills, a part of which was occupied by a lake entering it at one side, and stretching away beyond his view. Into this receptacle ran a broad stream, which flowed from some unseen recess; and, directly beneath the position of the wanderer, fell in a considerable cataract, to gain the level of the lake. Fronting him, at a distance, half-way up the opposite ascent, a red and smoky fire was blazing under the shadow of a cavern; and, looking still higher towards the summit of the eminence, the great and fearful being he had already seen, was moving with part of his figure clearly defined against the deep blue sky, as enormous as the phantom-seeming clouds of the crater of a volcano, but distinct as a statue of iron. Not statue-like, however, did he now stand; for he was engaged in a labour worthy even of his strength. On the very crest of the mountain, a pile of wood was reared larger than the largest of the Egyptian Pyramids; and to this the Giant was engaged in adding new loads of timber. He stepped with a few strides to the neighbouring hills, and, encircling in his arms at once a score of the tallest trees, evidently the pro-

duce of many centuries, he plucked them from the earth by the roots. The sound of their overthrow was that which had scared Roderick. The Titan snapped off their heads with all the foliage, as a child would break a lily, and returned deliberately with the trunks to place them upon the already immeasurable heap. Thus he did repeatedly, till, at last, he had accumulated, from many leagues of forest, a structure of such magnitude that it might have furnished materials for all the navies of the world, and would have out-topped the tower of Babylon, and covered a wider space than the palace of Nero. Roderick gazed upon the giant and his labour with unbreathing awe. As he moved around the pile, his portentous frame was perpetually displayed in some new attitude that called forth new astonishment, by exhibiting afresh the miracles of his size and power. Sometimes, when the pile appeared to incline too much to one side or the other, he applied both his hands to push it in the required direction; and the moon, pouring its full stream of light on his broad expanse of back, it seemed a steep ascent, rough with hair, and broken into a thousand varieties of surface by ridges of sinews and crags of bone, but wide enough for the charge of a hundred chariots; and the legs, which were then extended and active, showed like leaning towers with pillar-work of muscles. Or, in adding to the height of the fabric, he would lift his arm to its full length between the view of Roderick and the sky, holding some immense trunk, with its recent roots gleaming white in the moonshine. On such occasions, it seemed that he could have swept the stars from their courses, and dashed away the empyrean, as a robber tears off the veil of his captive. The golden circlet which he still wore, glittered on his forehead far up amid the sky, like one of the heavenly orbs; and he looked as if he had indeed a right to add his diadem to the number of the planets, and reign himself the Lord of the Universe.

The stranger had no conception for what purpose such a being could have erected such a pile. But, for the time, his attention was called away. The giant descended the mountain till he reached the cave, in which the fire was still burning. He stooped to enter its recesses, though a gallery in full sail might have passed beneath the arch without vailing its pennon, and returned, bearing in his right hand a golden cup, of the size and shape of one of the domes of St. Sophia, and, in his left, a blazing tree. Carrying these, he bestrode the valleys as a ploughman steps across the furrows, till he arrived at the river. He dipped his bowl into the flood above the cataract; and, for a moment, the water-course was dry, and the noise of the falling torrent hushed. He stood up, he looked around him, and drank. Again, the water had begun to flow, and the cataract roared between his feet; again he stooped, and again he had scooped the whole current into his vase, and the sound of the stream, dashing over the rocks, was not heard for some seconds. This time he did not empty the cup; but he bore it, and the still burning trunk, to his pile upon the mountain. He stood beside it, and flung over it some of the water; and, while he lifted the flaming brand, he looked towards the stars, and spoke aloud. Roderick started when he heard his voice, not merely on account of the thrilling depth of tone, but because the language was one of those ancient tongues with which the traveller had become familiar in his youth, having learned them from an aged Moor accomplished in all the knowledge of the East. As nearly as he could discover, the purport of that which the Giant uttered was as follows:

'To you, O stars, with whom, and with whose inhabitants, I claim a kindred that belongs not to the insect-men of this lower earth—to you I address myself, and in your honour I pour this water over the pile whereon I am about to die. The child of a mighty line, the one survivor of a myriad kings, looks, for

the last time, on your bright fronts, ye eternal orbs! and tells you that the sole remaining monarch of all the race, your offspring and your worshippers, is soon to seek the throne which awaits him amid your constellations. I have seen the sons of the giants fade away as the forest which even now has fallen beneath my hand; and the world is given to a meaner kind, as that forest will be succeeded by a crop of weeds. Before this globe was divided into land and sea, before the parents of its present puny tribes had been formed out of its dust, it was the inheritance and the kingdom of my fathers. Ours were the structures, among the foundations of which men wander, and marvel at their height. Ours the castle which scaled the skies; ours the mountains heaped on mountains, whereby we threatened to interrupt the revolutions of the sun. My sires wooed the spirits from other spheres to become their brides, and the mothers of their children; and the fire of angelic natures is in my veins. But that fire is now cold and dim; and I go to find, at your unfailling altars, the flame which may re-animate my soul. For five thousand years, I have been alone on earth; and, from the day when my hands reared Caucasus, with all its peaks, over the ashes of my father, I have seen none whose presence has not been a curse to me—to whom I have not been a curse and a perdition. I have lived to keep burning among these mountains the holy flame which is grateful unto you. But the destiny which has been over all my brethren is over me, and my hour is come. The brightness of your power has been upon me in the nights of many ages. I can no longer resist the doom. I go to join you; I yield up this weary body to the elements from which it was composed. But, while my dust shall be added to the clay of this globe, which is no longer the heritage of more powerful beings than man; while the atoms of my body are resolved into that which may one day be trampled by the feet, and divided by the plough-shares, of the most wretched among mortals, there is that within the fleshly frame which shall become a sharer in your glory, and a portion of it. Look, ye eternal orbs! and thou, moon! that even now art sinking from the heavens, look with your most splendid and benignant radiance on the death-fire of the last of the Giants!

He applied his torch to the corners of the pile, and stood beside it with motionless serenity, looking steadfastly at the heavens, till the lapse of a considerable time had enabled the flames to deepen and to spread. They extended swiftly, with a thick smoke and a tremendous noise, till they had embraced the whole circuit of the pile, which then had more resemblance to a stormy and lurid sunset than to any other spectacle known among men. The fire rushed furiously upward, and illuminated the form and face of the Titan with a light more unearthly and terrific than any in which the wanderer had seen him, and his broad eye fixed upon the moon gleamed like the corslet of a warrior on the wall of a burning city. But thus he did not long remain; for, so soon as the whole mass of timber appeared to have caught the flame, he calmly stepped into the midst of the conflagration, and laid himself upon his scorching bed. The fire rose rapidly and far, till it widened and towered into a pyramid of light, and the grey smoke which burst around, darkened half the heavens. The wind increased, and the crackling of the wood, and roar of the burning, became appalling. Clouds began to sail in over the opposite mountains; and, but for the glare of the pyre, the whole horizon would have been black. The blaze spread to the relics of the forest, and caught the brushwood which still covered a large portion of the hills. The prospect became one vast amphitheatre of fire; and the smoke and flame broke fiercely upward, and formed a sky of mingled light and darkness, sublimity and horror; and still the great master conflagration rose far beyond every other part of the burning circle, and seemed a furnace fuelled with the earth to consume the heavens. The eagles rose screaming from their nests upon the rocky peaks, and wheeled amid the smoke and flakes of fire till even their wings were insufficient to bear them from the danger, and they dropped, stifled, into the red abyss. Roderick was compelled, by the heat and smoke, to flee from the danger. For several hours he travelled with the utmost speed away from the spot

of so astounding a catastrophe, and at last lay down completely exhausted, in a grotto among the rocks at the foot of the mountain. At the end of three days, the clouds, which had been gathering in the heavens, poured out their burthens. For a week, the rain fell in a continued flood; and, if the traveller had not been possessed of a small store of berries and nuts, he must have died of starvation. After that time, the deluge ceased; and he returned upon his former steps to examine the Giant's valley; but the torrents had so roughened the ravine, that his journey was one of difficulty and pain. At length, however, he gained his goal, and found that the space encircled by the mountains was half filled with water, which had risen above the mouth of the cave. In this Roderick had expected to find some tokens and memorials of the Giant's existence; but it was now accessible only to the fishes and the water-snakes. He climbed to the bare summit of the mountain on which the pile had been raised, and found that the floods had washed away every vestige of the sacrifice he had witnessed; but, on scrutinising the surrounding rocks, which were all discoloured by the heat, he found in a crevice the well-remembered golden crown. It was adorned with graven devices of stars and wings, and framed of the purest metal. After months of toil and hardship, Roderick escaped to Europe; and a fragment of the diadem, which was all he had been enabled to save, sufficed to purchase for him, in his native country, broad lands, stately castles, and ancient lordships. But what was the grandeur of ordinary men to eyes that had beheld the mighty presence of the Last of the Giants?

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'
Genesis.

1. ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Tongue of the Giraffe.—The tongue of the Giraffe, according to Sir Everard Home, besides being the organ of taste, possesses many of the properties of the proboscis of the elephant. It can be extended to the length of no less than seventeen inches, by means of some muscular mechanism which cannot be explained without dissection. There is some analogy to this in the tongue of the rein-deer, but this also requires more careful anatomical investigation than it has yet received. The chameleon, and (if we mistake not) some other congeneric reptiles, can dart out the tongue to a considerable extent, by means of a bone inclosed in a muscular tube, the fibres of which are circular, and by pressing upon the bone make it slide forward.

Feet of the Mole.—It was remarked by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, that the fore-feet of the mole are furnished with more sessamoid bones than, perhaps, any other animal. These are small bones, commonly found in joints requiring much motion, such as the human wrist, to facilitate the complex movements required; and, as moles depend greatly upon their power of digging, the number of these sessamoid bones must give considerable facility to the action of the brachial muscles.

2. ENTOMOLOGY.

Death instinctively counterfeited.—No beast of prey ever more patiently or more successfully practised systematic stratagem for taking his victims at unawares, than several sorts of insects employ to deceive or elude their enemies, by counterfeiting death. This is a very common device among spiders, moths, and various sorts of beetles, and is varied according to the form and habits of the species. The moths, (usually the small tinea and tortricæ,) when they think themselves in danger, draw their antennæ, as well as their wings, close to their body, and in this state they may be tossed about without manifesting the smallest sign of life or motion. We do not recollect of having seen this remarked of moths in any of the works on entomology; but the same circumstance is recorded by every writer on the

subject, with respect to beetles. The small grey beetle, (anobium pertinax,) so well known for making pin-holes in old furniture, is one of the most common instances, and is, or may be, familiar to every person who chooses to observe its singular habits, as it is to be found in almost every house. This little beetle has received from naturalists the title of pertinax, from its pertinacity in counterfeiting death. De Geer, the celebrated Swedish entomologist, informs us, that it equals, if it does not exceed, the heroic firmness of the American savages in bearing torture; for he says, you may maim them, pull them limb from limb, and even roast them over a slow fire, without making them move a joint, or exhibit the slightest symptom of suffering pain. Spiders, also, may be similarly tortured and maimed, as Smellie has remarked, when they assume the attitude of counterfeit death. It is very common also with the little beetles called byrrhi by entomologists, to draw in their feet and their antennæ, so as to give themselves the appearance of a pill, from which, indeed, they take the name of pill-beetles.

It is remarked, in Kirby and Spencer's 'Introduction,' that the common dung chafer, (scarabæus stercorarius,) the black purplish shining beetle, which abounds on every road, deceives its enemies, the rooks, by setting out its legs as stiffly as if they were made of iron-wire, and remaining perfectly motionless, and as the rooks will only eat them when alive, this stratagem is an effectual protection.

Some of our physiological readers might be apt to suppose that this simulation of death, so successfully made and persisted in, might be the consequence of a strong convulsion caused by fear; but it is fatal to this explanation, that the insect, which is practising what appears to us to be an instinctive device, makes off with all speed the instant the object of alarm is removed; whereas, if it were a convulsive attitude, the animal could not resume its movements at pleasure.

Cold Scorpions.—We are told by Naudé, that a sort of scorpions, common in Italy, were formerly used for cooling beds, by placing them between the sheets—not a very safe mode of cooling, as we should think, if the chamber-maid chanced to be neglectful or inclined to mischief.

3.—CONCHOLOGY.

Motions of Shell-fish.—To look at an oyster or a muscle, one would suppose that it could have no power of moving from one place to another; but though this power is certainly very limited, yet it exists to some degree in all. The oyster cannot, indeed, well regulate the direction of its locomotion but by means of successive jerks, caused by the internal movements of the included tethys.

The muscle performs its movements by means of a tentaculum, somewhat analogous to a leg, in which there is a canal stretching from one extremity to the other, furnished with a tough glutinous secretion for spinning the byssus or beard, by which the animal attaches itself to rocks, stones, or to contiguous shells. The ascidin, within the shell, pushes out its leg or tentaculum, and fixes its threads, to the number of one hundred and fifty, or more, to the nearest rock. When the byssus is eaten by accident along with muscles, it is supposed to be deleterious; though it is not, we believe, sufficiently ascertained what it is that renders shell-fish occasionally poisonous. An able investigation of the subject has been published in the fifth volume of the 'London Medical Repository,' by Dr. Burrows, to which we refer our readers.

Oysters taught by experience.—It is asserted by Smellie, that oysters, stupid and unintellectual as they may appear to be, learn wisdom from experience; for, if an oyster is accidentally left by the tide, it opens its shell, loses its water, and dies; but if it is carried to the sea before it thus perishes, it learns, when again left dry, not to open its shell.

We confess that we are somewhat sceptical as to this, notwithstanding the authority of such a man as Smellie.

4.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

The Peacock-fish of Sumatra.—In the collection of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, was a new species of *julis*, which, from its coloured markings, has been named by Mr. Bennett, the *julis argus*, or peacock-fish, the *argus* and even the fins, being studded with beautiful ocelli, similar to those which are so much admired in the peacock's tail. The head, according to Mr. Bennett's description, is porous with blue lines. Eight lines of the same colour mark each side of the body longitudinally, and these are crossed by transverse lines, black and dusky, tessellated with ocelli. Similar translucent ocelli stud the dorsal and anal fins.

Co-operative fish.—We are told by Montaigne, in his 'Apology for Lebona,' that when the scare-fish has swallowed the fisherman's hook, its companions all crowd around it and gnaw the line asunder. If a scare-fish also gets into the leap or wheel, the others present their tails to it on the outside, and by seizing firm hold of one of these with its teeth, it is drawn out, and regains its liberty.

On the same authority we are informed, that barbels, when any of their companions are hampered, throw the line over their backs, and with a fin, indented like a saw, cut it asunder and set free the prisoner.

The clever author of 'The Revolt of the Bees,' might find in this a striking illustration of his favourite co-operative societies for his next edition.

5.—ORNITHOLOGY.

Fowls with black bones.—At Ajuengo, on the coast of Malabar, we are told by Forbes, in his 'Oriental Memoirs,' that there are a sort of pullens, or dunghill fowls, whose bones and skin are as black as jet, though their flesh is white, tender, and delicate. Can this be occasioned, we may ask, by any peculiar substance used as food? When any animal is fed on madder, as is well known, the bones are gradually tinged with its colouring matter; and it is not improbable that the black-boned fowls of Ajuengo feed on some colouring substance of a similar kind.

The Hawk out-manœuvred by small Birds.—Whenever a hawk makes its appearance, small birds sometimes conceal themselves as quickly as possible, in the thickest parts of the nearest hedge. At other times, when concealment is not easily effected, they rally out in considerable numbers, with the apparent intention of following the hawk, and exposing themselves to unnecessary danger, but, in reality, with the design of perplexing and distracting their enemy by their numbers, their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavours to rise above him. Indeed, he is usually in such cases completely out-manœuvred and baffled, being unable to fix upon a single victim, and, after exerting all his address, he is often compelled to relinquish the pursuit.

6. MAZEOLOGY.

Economic Rat of Iceland.—In the woods of Husafels, in Iceland, is found a sort of rat, which lays up stores of berries for winter. Olaffen says, that when those rats pass a stream with their booty, the party, which usually consists of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place their berries, in a heap, in the centre. By their united force, they bring this singular raft to the water's edge, and, after launching it, embark and place themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water; their tails, pendant in the stream, serving the purpose of rudders.

This systematic contrivance appears to us to be greatly exaggerated either by Olaffen or his informers; and yet it is not more surprising than many of the devices of animals which we have recorded on the most undoubted testimony.

Singular Quadruped.—A very curious animal has lately been brought from Mendoza, in the province of Cuyo, in the interior of Chili. It has been named *Clamphorus Truncatus*, and agrees, in some parts of its conformation, with the duck-billed quadruped of Australasia, the *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*. The habits of the clymatorus, however, are not known, though it is said to burrow in the ground like a mole. From the form of its bones, it is supposed to have the power of assuming the upright position like the kangaroo. It is unique in having an open pelvis, and two anomalous appendages on the head. The skeleton of this extraordinary animal, prepared by William Yarrell, Esq., is now in the Museum of the Zoological Society. Mr. Leadbetter has also stuffed the skin with his well-known dexterity.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Spindle Legs.—In proportion as those who indulge in good living acquire rotundity of body, their legs usually become less able to support them. So far, indeed, from keeping pace with increasing corpulency, they most commonly shrink in dimensions, and lose much in muscular power. It is remarked by Macnish, in his ingenious little work, the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' that nothing is more common than to see a pair of spindle-shanks tottering under the weight of an enormous corporation, to which they seem attached more like artificial appendages than natural members. The worst symptom, indeed, which can befall a corpulent man, is the decline of his lower extremities. So long as they continue firm, and correspond with the rest of the body, it is a proof that there is still vigour remain-

ing; but when they gradually become lank and shrivelled, while other parts retain their fulness, there can be no sign more sure that the constitution is breaking down, and that the shoulders will come next in the process of emaciation, falling flat, and losing their former firmness and rotundity, while the whole body gradually becomes loose, flabby, and inelastic.

The shrinking of the legs, in such cases, has not escaped the keen observation of Shakespeare:

'Chief Justice—Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that is written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity; and yet you call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!'

Curious custom.—King John, when engaged in the chase, is said to have stuck in a morass near Alnwick, and had himself bemired. In commemoration of this, his Majesty ordered that the freemen of Alnwick, at their initiation, should plunge into a muddy pool, and scramble to the opposite bank; which custom is accordingly still kept up at Alnwick, on the eve of St. Mark.

2. BOTANY.

The Martagon Lily.—Professor Martyn, in his Notes upon Virgil, has successfully shown, that the species of lily vulgarly called the Turk's cap, (*Lilium Martagon*), is the genuine hyacinth of the ancients, into which the youth Hyacinthus is fabled to have been metamorphosed by Apollo. The hyacinth, indeed, commonly so called, has nothing to correspond with the ancient one, which was of a blood-red colour, and said to be inscribed with the Greek exclamation of sorrow, *Αἶ! Αἶ!* On examining the flower of the martagon, dark markings may be seen, which, with a little stretch of imagination, aided by the story in the fable, might be considered as taking the form of these letters. As Moschus, in the Greek pastoral poet, prettily says,—

Νῦν, δακρυῖ, λαλεῖ τὰ σα γριμμάτα καὶ πλεοναί, Αἶ, Δακρυῖ σοὺς τεταχόσι.

'Now, tell your story, Hyacinth, and show
Αἶ, Αἶ, the more amidst your sanguine woe.'

LEIGH HUNT.

3. MINERALOGY.

Analysis of the Malvern Water.—Mr. W. Addison, in his recent ingenious work upon the Malvern Water, has determined, by careful scientific analysis, that it differs from most other mineral waters, in being extremely pure. It contains the same bases and acids, indeed, as sea-water, but in extremely small proportions, as may be seen from the following comparative table:

One pint of Sea Water contains:	Grains.	One gallon of Malvern Water contains:	Grains.
Muriate of magnesia	.23	Muriate of magnesia	.5
Muriate of soda (common salt)	.180	Muriate of soda (common salt)	.6
Sulphate of magnesia	.13	Sulphate of magnesia	.576
Sulphate of lime	.17	Sulphate of lime (Paris plaster)	.5
	.293	Silice (diat)	.5
		Insoluble and loss	.334
			.3

BRONIDES.

W. ADDISON.

4. GEOLOGY.

Strata at the Thames Tunnel.—The London basin, as it is called by modern geologists, has seldom, if ever, been examined to so great a depth as in the grand operations now carrying on for making a tunnel under the Thames. The strata, with some little variation of thickness, and occasional interruptions, are found in the following order:

1. Sand and gravel, with considerable quantities of water, to the depth of about thirty-five feet.
2. Blue clay, varying to sandy plastic, of different colours and consistence, about seven feet.
3. Sandy clay with shells, called by the miners *silt*, about nine feet. The shells are chiefly bivalves, and usually much broken. Among these are oyster-shells, &c., filled with iron pyrites; wood, also, is found in this stratum, apparently in a charred state, and pyrites in its cavities.
4. Stone of a calcareous nature, and not very hard, about four feet.
5. Coloured sandy gravel, chiefly flint, greatly water-worn, with considerable quantities of water, about thirty feet.

5. METEOROLOGY.

Whirlwinds.—An account is now making the round of the daily prints, copied from a Leeds paper, giving an account of a whirlwind, which (if there be no exaggeration) must have been magnificently terrible, as

it is described to have wrenched large branches from trees, and whirled them up into the air, together with a breast-wave of the water of a neighbouring river, to the height of three or four hundred feet. The circumstance is certainly not improbable; but it is more likely, we think, that this has been a misprint for thirty or forty feet. In these temperate latitudes we are seldom visited by phenomena on the former scale, though they are by no means rare in inter-tropical countries.

Bees mistaken in their Prognostications of the Weather.—It is commonly imagined that bees, as well as other animals, have the faculty of foreseeing the changes of the weather. Swarming accordingly seldom takes place but when the sun shines; and should a stray cloud chance to break the sunshine, the bustle and agitation preparative to swarming instantly ceases, and is only renewed when the sun shines out again. The bees, however, are not always right in their prognostics of the weather. Mr. Reaumur records an instance, in which a swarm, after leaving their mother-hive at half-past one o'clock, were overtaken by a heavy shower at three.

6. OPTICS.

Experiments on Images.—The celebrated French physiologist, Majendie, employed, in his experiments on vision, the eyes of rabbits and other animals, whose sclerotic coat did not require to be removed, in consequence of being nearly transparent. In this manner he satisfactorily disproved the theory, which alleges that the crystalline lens is carried forwards and backwards, in distant and near vision. M. Majendie found that the size of the image formed on the retina was uniformly the same, let the distance be what it might; but it varied as to dimness and distinctness in proportion to the distance of the object imaged.

Colours of the Sea.—The variety of colours in the sea seem to depend chiefly on the wind, the weather, and the reflection of light from the firmament. Its most usual colour is deep green; but in cloudy, or rainy weather, and even when it is looked down upon from an elevated point of sight, it assumes a dark blackish tint. On the Goodwin Sands, at the tide of flood, the water is whitish by reason of the foam. In the Mediterranean, again, it will appear for weeks together to be of a perfect azure. When the sun shines bright upon the water, the upper portion of the waves takes of purple or reddish hues; and when the wind freshens, and a ship is under full sail, the waves a-head often appear pale and bright.

7. ASTRONOMY.

Herschel's Discoveries anticipated.—It has more than once occurred, that the most brilliant discoveries in science have been anticipated by ingenious reasoning or conjecture. In this manner, Sir Isaac Newton conjectured that the diamond was combustible, long before it was proved by experiment that it consists of carbon. On dipping into one of Addison's 'Tatlers,' the other day, we fell by accident upon a very remarkable passage, which completely anticipates the great discoveries which Herschel made, by sweeping the milky way with his powerful telescope. The passage in the 'Tatler' runs thus:

"What you look upon as one confused white in the milky way, appears to me (the good genius) a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars, that are arranged in proper figures and constellations."—No. 119.

This is precisely Herschel's account of the milky way from observation, he having found the white light, only apparent to the naked eye, to consist of hundreds of stars, each of them in his opinion the centre of a solar system, analogous to our own.

Sporting Stars.—Mr. Thomas Moore seems to have commenced his 'Loves of the Angels,' with his head full of 'Rhymes on the Road,' and thinking more of Ascot Heath and Newmarket, than of

'Cycle and epicycle, multiplex and mixed.'

Whether some future Herschel may ascertain that the stars are entered for the sweepstakes of the milky way, we do not pretend to prophecy. Mr. Moore has no doubt upon the subject:

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory.'

Loves of the Angels, p. 1.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

1. AGRICULTURE.

Spurry used as food for Cattle.—In some parts of Flanders, the corn spurry, (*Spergularia arvensis*), is sown as a crop to be used as late pasture, as we learn from RANDEL, *Flure du Nord de la France*. It is a regular crop in the Campine of Brabant, being sown after the

corn is reaped. Cows fed with spurry are said to yield richer milk and better butter than when fed with any other food. The tract of land just mentioned was once covered with harsh sand, but was brought into tillage by the Monks, who adhered to the principle of reclaiming no more land than they could easily manage.

2. GARDENING.

Budding Roses.—When the budding of roses is performed in June, the buds are prepared by depriving the shoots of their leaves; in a fortnight afterwards, buds will be formed fit for taking, and will generally blow the same year. When the budding is performed in August or September, the buds should be inserted in the old wood, or wood of at least two years' growth. Such is the method of Van Mons, an ingenious continental budder.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll Rooms.

THE seventh Concert of the season took place on Monday last. It was led by Mori, and conducted by Potter. The first act commenced with Haydn's twelfth or military sinfonia, so denominated from his introducing cymbals, triangles, long drum, and all the paraphernalia of a regimental band, in addition to the usual orchestral instruments; and the allegretto (or middle movement), as it is technically called by Professors) is an interesting (and now well-known) march, in which the stringed and wind instruments, aided by the combination of military auxiliaries, perform the various strains alternately. Near its conclusion, a descriptive and dramatic effect is ingeniously produced. The performers on the various instruments, one at a time, ceasing to play, present the idea of an army retiring, by degrees, to repose; after which a total silence, for 'a brief space,' seems to be interrupted by the call of a trumpet, replied to by the distant roll of an alarm drum, which rapidly becoming 'louder and more loud,' the whole of the orchestra (representing a combined and assembled force) burst upon the scene, with an effective and well-arranged tremando, which, however, continues for a very short time, the alarm appearing groundless, and the various instruments again pair off together. The single bar passage, (a minin, or two crotchets followed by four quavers), which constitutes the principal theme or text of the movement, is performed by the oboe and bassoon, and replied to by the violin and tenor; the flute then files off with the clarinet, and the horn retires with the violoncello. (We may not, perhaps, be 'quite correct' in our coupling these instruments, but the texture is of a similar description.) The harmonies applied to this simple passage of one bar, are clear and ingenious, principally on the tonic harmony and that of the diminished seventh, alternately, and the whole piece has been a deserved favourite ever since its first performance, in 1791. The theme of the last movement having been vilely prostituted into a country dance, well known under the title of 'Lord Catheart,' has a vulgarity imparted to it, and is somewhat deteriorated accordingly; an unfortunate fate which Rossini's Operas have universally undergone; his *Oratorio* of 'Mosé' having been turned into *Quadrilles*, and danced at all the race-balls, assemblies, and fairs in England!

No. 2.—Aria, Signor Zuchelli, 'A rispettarmi,' from the *Oratorio* above-mentioned. Zuchelli's fine rich voice harmonised well with the orchestra in this excellent song, but which, as usual, exhibits rather too much playfulness for the gravity of a sacred subject; hence has arisen the capability and the inducement to quadrillise Rossini's music so generally.

No. 3.—Concerto, flute, Mr. Nicholson. This performance was altogether excellent, perfect, and, perhaps, so unrivalled, that a description or criticism would be altogether a work of supererogation. In the spirited allegro, the solo commences with the highest possible note B, and occasionally descends to the lowest possible note C, with the best possible effect. Nicholson is famed for performing slow national melodies in a highly interesting and expressive manner; and his Irish air (we believe, 'Kathleen Trehern,' which much resembles 'The Last Rose of Summer') formed a beautiful specimen of this ability. The last movement is a bolero, in which the accompaniments for the violin are made to resemble the castanets; and, near the conclusion, is introduced a delightful episode in A flat, accompanied by very tasteful solos for clarinet and bassoon, during which Nicholson displayed a striking, difficult, and clever *arpeggio* passage. The whole was deservedly and enthusiastically applauded.

No. 4.—Scena, Madame Schutz, from Weber's

'Der Freischütz,' performed with German words. This fine dramatic scena, (which has been attempted by almost all female vocalists, and which was so well sung by Miss Stephens,) was cleverly performed by Madame Schutz; but sometimes we thought her powers of voice and execution scarcely sufficient, although occasional gleams of expressive beauty redeemed her defects, if so they might be called. A nationality and peculiarity, arising from the German diction, also diminished rather than improved the performance.

No. 5.—A MS. overture, composed by Pixis, and performed, for the first time in this country, under the direction and superintendence of the composer, went off with spirit and éclat. It is in the noisy key of D, but exhibits ingenious and effective writing: the decrescendo and crescendo was unusually well imagined, and cleverly executed, producing an excellent orchestral climax, although a little clamorous.

The second act was introduced by Beethoven's seventh grand sinfonia, (in B flat, op. 60,) a highly finished, sensible, and classical production, quite concertante and conversational for the very numerous instruments, presenting a beautiful and perfect example of a diffuse and grand orchestral composition, sufficient of itself to have established Beethoven's exalted rank as a musical writer of the highest class. The adagio, (or middle movement) in E flat, 3-4 time, was excellently performed and greatly admired; it commences with a simple alternation of the tonic and dominant by the second violins, which passage is imitated by nearly every instrument in the course of the movement, (even by the double drums,) with considerable ability and ingenuity, while a singing melodious theme employs the wind instruments. In the minuetto and trio, a little playfulness is indulged in, but by no means to the whimsical extent too frequently exemplified; the wild and characteristic unison passages given to the clarinet and bassoon, or clarinet and flute, conjunctively, were well performed, attracted notice, and elicited admiration.

In the last allegro, although there is a superabundance of downright noisy fiddling, (too customary in his concluding movements,) yet, in this sinfonia, it is considerably qualified by a sweet strain of melody united to a peculiar richness of harmony. It has been frequently the custom at these concerts for the connoisseurs to encore the middle movements, and sometimes even the minuets of the grand sinfonias, and we imagine the leaders have felt their vanity a little gratified upon such occasions, they considering the encores as being in some degree applied to themselves, or at least indicative of the superiority of the particular performance; thus illustrating the fable of the fly upon the coach-wheel, 'what a dust we make!' Now, Mori, who appears to be an excellent diplomatist, (although of warm and party temperament,) felt desirous that the middle movement of Haydn, in the first sinfonia, should be favoured with a call for its repetition, and, therefore, made a feint of entering into a long colloquy with his colleague, Potter, at its conclusion, (as a dramatic singer lingers on the stage, expectant of the welcome encore,) but the bait did not succeed, and the orchestral performers, who wondered at a pause made in the middle of a sinfonia, proceeded with their labours. The Leader, however, (nothing dismayed) ventured upon a second experiment at the conclusion of Beethoven's fine adagio, and actually sat himself down, wiped his face, his bow, his violin, &c., and delayed the whole performance for so tedious a period, that a few of the directors, and principal performers close about him, were forced to urge and spur him on, for the purpose of preventing the very occurrence for which he was laying himself out. 'Tis true, indeed, some followers of his own, at lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps (or clapped their hands,) and some ten voices cried 'encore,' but he could not take 'the vantage of those few,' and the sinfonia proceeded to its conclusion.

No. 7.—Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, 'Deh! se piacer mi vuoi,' from Mozart's fine opera, 'La Clemenza di Tito.' This deservedly favourite singer's performance was chaste, beautiful, and perfect in the extreme, and quite in keeping with the style and excellence of the composition.

No. 8.—Military Concertante for Violin and Violoncello principal, composed and performed by the Messrs. Bohrer. These brothers (Anthony and Maximilian) are the celebrated and clever musicians, who exhibited in this country some years ago, since which time they have considerably improved in science, experience, and execution. Their military concertante presented a vast deal of talent, which was fully appreciated, and unanimously applauded. In order to give their performance a military character, some peculiarities of rather a

whimsical nature were noticeable, especially an accompaniment for the *triangle* during the violin and violoncello solos; even cymbals and side-drum, and other such *outré* musicals, presented their unequivocal effects during the whole performance. An extraordinary sort of *fandasia* or *capriccio* was introduced near the conclusion of their concertante, (by way of *calenza*, in which several pantomimical tricks were exhibited, a peculiar and amusing nature; but the principal beauty the leading feature of their performance, was the perfect unity maintained throughout, the simultaneous feeling that actuated them in passages which appeared as the extemporaneous effusions of fancy; this peculiar excellence procured for them their chief credit upon their former visit to this country; and when, in 1822, they performed at Milan, it is recorded, that 'the great was the similitude of their tones, that the auditor could scarcely determine which of the two was the performer on the violin.' Although there is nothing very extraordinary in this delusion being produced upon the ear, yet they certainly 'played into each others hands' remarkably well, as brothers should. Lindley's richness of tone is decidedly unattainable by any performer living; but Bohrer's execution more nearly approximated to the pride of the orchestra than any we have before witnessed. Prejudice may be at the bottom of our dislike to see any one but him enter a concert room, as a solo performer upon the violoncello, but Lindley unequivocally remains, upon the whole, still unrivalled; and we must add, that the perfect confidence and *non chalance* betrayed by Anthony and Maximilian, at their rehearsal, subtracted a little from the good opinion that would otherwise have been entertained of them, and even of their performance, by their professional brethren.

No. 9.—Duetto, Madame Schutz and Signor Zuchelli. 'Bella Imago,' from Rossini's *Semiramide*, went off successfully; making the fourth well-known vocal piece selected from some popular opera, and certainly not the sort of music which should be performed at the Philharmonic Concerts; difficult as it assuredly is for the directors to procure vocal novelties, owing to the obstinate presumption of the singers, yet, as they are liberally paid, they should be forced to perform pieces not too commonly heard, or they should not be engaged. The Concert concluded with Spohr's learned, and well-imagined Overture to *Faust*, op. 60; but being most erudite, it was 'caviare to the multitude,' and (shame to the would-be-thought dilettanti) was noticed but little, and applauded less. O Tempora, O Mori.

THE DRAMA.

English Opera House.

On Friday last, Perlet terminated his engagement at this Theatre, with three of his most amusing representations,—Crescendo in the 'Visité à Bedlam,' the Valet in 'The Ambassador,' and the Artist in 'The Comedien d'Etampes.' Having been greeted with frequently-repeated plaudits during the course of his performances, he was called for after the fall of the curtain, and was received with the acclamation of his numerous admirers.

On Monday last, a new performer from Paris, M. Odry, made his first appearance at this Theatre in the character of Pataud, in the vaudeville, 'De la Neige,' and that of John Biscott, in the piece of 'Tony.'

This actor is highly prized by the people of Paris, whom, in his representations of humbler characters, in the style of our late-lamented Emery, he highly delights, by his faithful and natural delineation of the manners and habits of low life. This talent he carries to the highest perfection; but we are apprehensive that it will be relished only by the natives of France, or by such Englishmen as may have resided in that country, and have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the habits and peculiarities of the lower classes. The character of the blacksmith, Pataud, was performed by him with a degree of correctness, and natural exhibition, which appeared to be reality itself; there was every thing in the pauses, gestures, dialect, and manners, of Odry, highly characteristic of the blacksmith; but would it not be necessary, in order to estimate the truth and merit of this representation, to see the original himself? for to those who have only seen English characters of that class, and who would wish to estimate the acting of Odry with a reference to English habits, the exhibition would not appear so faithful and accurate, and the merits of the performer would, of course, be diminished in their estimation. The truth of this observation was clearly manifest during the performance of Monday last; for, though possessed of a talent in his particular line, which he has carried to the same

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

IN closing our notice of the Exhibition at Somerset House, we take the opportunity of exonerating its managers from blame on account of the dust and filth objected to in a former Number of 'The Athenæum,' as forming one of the many obstacles to the enjoyment of this national display. The rooms and stairs, we have reason to believe, are watered and swept every morning; all is cool, sweet, and delightful, we are assured, at eight o'clock, and the annoyances, (ever excepting the inadequate size of the rooms, and the crowded situation of the pictures,) which are experienced within a few hours after the opening of the doors, are the effects of the morning's concourse of visitors. We trust that the other complaints and imputations against the Dons of the Society—of undue favour and bias in the election of their associates and academicians, of churlishness in the practice of their art, and of petty and malicious feeling against those who have ever shown a restive spirit, may be equally groundless. A public body should have no passions, and no individual interests. We trust, for instance, it is not true that, while the academicians assume to themselves the prerogative of finishing their own pictures after they are hung, in order to adapt their effect to the particular situation and to the neighbourhood in which they are placed, and to make them appear to the best advantage; the opportunity of doing the same is denied to those who have not attained academical honours. Such a privilege should be accorded to every exhibitor, or denied to all. The complaints of disappointed persons are to be received, no doubt, with mistrust, and to give satisfaction to all is next to impossible. We are aware of the difficulties which persons, situated as are the Royal Academicians, have to encounter, but complaints and dissatisfaction are general: if these are not without grounds, it is but an act of kindness to afford an opportunity for disavowing the practices complained of; if they are well founded, justice requires that they should be made public; that the usages which gave rise to them should be denounced; in order that the fear of shame may effect what the sense of justice has failed to do,—the abstinence from prostituting to the service of private interests an authority created for public purposes.

Of all the rooms of the Academy, the most difficult of access has ever been, and, we suppose, ever will be, the 'Antique Academy.' It does not require that the artists and subjects, of the 482 performances which adorn the walls of that room, should have very numerous connections to render it perfectly hopeless for an indifferent person to get a peep at the objects of so much personal interest and curiosity. It happens fortunately, however, that the most meritorious works are not those which interest personal feeling and vanity; and it is very possible, nay, comparatively easy, to enjoy the view of the drawings of A. E. Chalon, R.A., which are about half a dozen. Two of them are more especially deserving of notice, *The Sisters*, No. 509, and *La Collazione*, 533. They are both, but the latter more especially, clever, spirited, and elegant compositions, full of life and expression.

Cleopatra watching the disembarkation of the Roman army in Europe, with the motto—

*'Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno.'*

G. Jones, R.A., is another very clever and spirited drawing, full of dignity, grandeur, and fine effect.

No. 571. *Portrait of David Wilkie, Esq., R.A., in a masquerade dress.* J. Hollins is a very clever, spirited, and interesting drawing.

Our attention was called to the portrait, No. 548, R. Bowyer, by a correspondent, in No. 29 of 'The Athenæum.' For the particular claims of this performance to attention, we refer to the communication alluded to, contenting ourselves, in this place, with adding, that the portrait is certainly a very happy effort, but displaying rather more strongly the art, than, from the description and the quality of illusion claimed for it, we had expected.

As to the miniatures, innumerable as they are, we are always more anxious to know who the pretty lasses are, and where they are to be seen, *large as life*, than to know who painted them. Disappointed of our first wish, we have not patience to go through the list of enamels,* however exquisite.

* Our artists are aware of the peculiar charms of this room for the lady-frequenter of the Exhibition, and emulate each other in indulging them with pretty titles, as well as with pretty performances. How enchanting to the fair and fanciful must be such appellations as 'Tick, Tick,' 'The Artist's Garland,'

The Model Academy is not unusually rich this year.

Cupid receiving the instructions of Venus to assume the form of Ascanius, 1210, T. Campbell, is a sweet figure, of exquisite and delicate form, full of expression and archness.

Statue in Marble of the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, part of a monument to be erected at Calcutta. No. 1213, R. Westmacott, R.A., is considered, and perhaps justly, one of that artist's best performances. The figure has great repose,—a repose, we should say, more befitting a reclining than a standing posture. The animation, the life, suited to an upright and active figure, are absent.

The Grecian Archer, No. 1211, G. Rennie, is a very spirited figure.

Bust of Sir William Curtis, Bart., No. 1170, is the only exhibition of M. Chantry; it is a work of admirable execution.

The Shield of Æneas, to be executed in gold, after the style of Benvenuto Cellini, 1180, W. Fitts, in illustration of the eighth book of Virgil, is a laborious performance, displays much ingenuity, variety, and invention*.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE gallery of this institution was re-opened last week, with an exhibition of the works of ancient masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters. The exhibition is a highly interesting one, and calculated to afford a great treat to the curious in art, and to impart very useful lessons to professors themselves. At the same time, it is not an exhibition of that description which we stand most in need of—an exhibition which shall excite an interest for the ancient masters in the mass of our matter-of-fact gentry, and supply them with a standard of taste, which they may apply more or less rigidly to works of art in general, and which they most of all require, inspire them with a relish for works of lofty imagining. The interest taken in portraits, for instance, is already sufficient, and even should the *Duchesse de St. Croix*, and the *Portrait in Armour*, by Vandike, the *Don Balthazar* and *Philip of Spain*, his Father, by Velasquez, teach us, that in portrait painting our worthy President himself might be even more excellent than he is—the end gained would not be very important.

Salvator Rosa is to be admired, rather than imitated; but excepting persons versed in art, by practice, or much observation, the works of Salvator will only attract those who are endowed by nature with a lively perception of the sublime and poetical. The *Nursing of Hercules*, by Tintoretto, will seem an absurd allegory, and excite any thing but veneration. The *Claudes* and the *Gaspar Poussins*, will please by their poetry; *Ruysdael* and *Hobbima*, by the truth of their landscape; the *Teniers* and *Wouvermanns* may delight by their representations of domestic, natural, and comic scenes; but all this only honours the fancy, in which we are all already nothing wanting, while it fails to inspire the taste and desire, in which we are so deficient, for the high and lofty branch of art. We impute no blame on this account to the Directors of the Institution, because we are aware of the difficulty (it may be, perhaps, an impossibility) of forming, in England, a collection of high historical works of the great masters; but we cannot pass by the opportunity of urging, that familiarity with such works is the thing needful in England; that Flemish and Dutch art, landscape and portrait painting, are already understood; that Italian and high poetic art is not; and is not, we trust, only because ignorance of it is general. The exhibition, as we have said above, abounds in works highly interesting to the artist and the amateur. To prove this, we need but allude to the several performances of Salvator Rosa, the Vandikes already mentioned, a Titian in his early manner, the *Magdalen* of Guercino, several popular works of Murillo, the 'Vanity and Modesty' of Leonardo da Vinci, a very grand half-length female figure, by Sebastian del Piombo, several very excellent *Teniers*, *Wouvermanns*, *Vandeldes*, *Cnyps*, *Ruysdaels*, and, if last, not least, spirited sketches of *Rubens*, with numbers of *et ceteras* well worthy of such company. The selection appears to have been made with the laudable view of affording the means of improvement to our artists. As such, it is well made. May due advantage be taken of it, and may the attempt be rewarded by the result!

'The Age of Bliss,' 'The Tempting Cherry,' 'I'd be a Butterfly,' &c.

* By a description just published, we observe that this work is to be executed in gold, 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, by Mr. Joseph Widdowson, goldsmith, of Fleet-street. The embarking in such an undertaking as Mr. Widdowson informs us, without order or encouragement, but at his own risk, is certainly a spirited undertaking, and, as such, appears deserving of notice and commendation.

perfection as Perlet and Mademoiselle Vertpré have in theirs, yet he did not receive an equal share of applause with these performers at their first debut. It is not so with the Frenchman, and the Frenchwoman, that Perlet and Mademoiselle Vertpré exhibit to us, as the man and woman of every country, with the tempers, dispositions, and peculiar traits which nature dispenses among the various tribes of mankind. In every country we meet with valets like that in 'The Ambassador,' a rogue who cheats his master, but whom his master is obliged to keep in his service, as he has the talent of rendering himself necessary. In every country, also, we see females like Toinette, in the vaudeville 'De la Jeune,' who are possessed of those captivating artifices, and dexterous little stratagems, that the sex, in every quarter of the world, knows how to employ to engage the affections of men, and acquire an invincible influence over their minds. In the exhibition of such characters, the spectator, whether English or French, is fully enabled to appreciate the merits of the performer; for the original picture is every day before his eyes. It is for this reason that the applauses bestowed on Perlet, in the personation of these roguish valets, are universal; and the same effect was produced by Mad. Vertpré, on Monday last, in the admirable scene between her and Pataud, in which she displayed a degree of perfection to which we are enabled to do complete justice. The same merit was equally conspicuous in her exhibition of the 'Démouille à marier.' and it would be impossible to represent the timidity and awkwardness of a young female, who has lived recluse from the world, in her first interview with her intended, whom she knows not, and whom she fears, with more truth and reality, yet not destitute of grace; and afterwards, when she has become acquainted with him, to exhibit with more facility all that easy good humour, and artless elegance, which Mademoiselle Vertpré displayed in the character. She sang, and accompanied herself on the harp, a very beautiful ballad, which was justly encored, and at each scene received the unanimous applause of the audience.

The performance of the evening commenced with the piece of 'Crispin, Rival de son Maître'; but to those who have witnessed, in Paris, Monrose and Cartigny in the parts of the two roguish valets, Laporte and Alexis, who performed on the evening named, must appear feeble and uninteresting. All the other performers, we are compelled to say, with the exception of Madame Daudel, were at their usual level; so that this amusing little piece did not produce its full effect. The amusements of the evening concluded, at a late hour, with the vaudeville of 'Tony,' in which Odry, playing the part of John Biscott, which was formerly undertaken by Gaudard, made us feel the vast difference that exists between an excellent actor and a mere mechanical buffoon.

Surrey.

The Opera producing no novelties since the splendid representation of *Otello* and *Desdemona*, by Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Sontag; and the great theatres being also engaged on what are called stock-pieces, we were induced to extend the range of our theatrical visits and, cross the water on a visit to 'The Surrey,' where we had before received sufficient gratification to repay the trouble. The first piece represented at this theatre, on Monday evening, was a new Melo-Drama, entitled 'Inch-Cape Bell, or the Dumb Sailor Boy.' The story is full of painful interest, bordering, perhaps, rather too closely on the terrific; but still such as to carry the audience powerfully along with the development of the tragedy. The scenery is magnificent; and the representation of the Inch-Cape Rock, Cavern, and Bell, with the deck of the Pirate Ship at anchor, and her subsequent wreck by foundering, with the loss of the mainmast by lightning, and the rescue of the dumb sailor boy and his protector, are all such as those who have witnessed similar horrors, might see with pleasure, as reviving the feelings of joy and pleasure at their escape from them; and such as those who have never witnessed in reality, may here advantageously behold in fiction, and thus be taught the happiness of their exemption from perils to which so large a portion of our own brave countrymen are hourly exposed.

The 'March of Intellect' which followed, has been repeated more than a hundred times, and loses nothing of its attraction, in the hands of its sole supporter and delineator, the inimitable Master Burke: while 'The Talisman,' which concluded the performance of the evening, exhibits a display of gorgeous and imposing scenery and incantation, which fills the house by its attraction, and still maintains its original popularity.

LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Paris, May 29, 1828.

SIR,—We have in France two poets, M. M. Béranger and Lamartine, and seven or eight clever manufacturers of verse, with but few ideas. To this class belong Soumet, Delavigne, Gurrant, Briffant, &c. These rhymesters have contrived to get themselves elected Members of the French Academy, while our two poets, who are men without quackery or pretension, do not belong to that institution. M. Béranger is publishing an elegant edition of his poems, to which several new ones will be added. The old French poets are left far behind by M. Béranger, in lyric and satirical composition; and the collection now about to appear will bear a comparison with the works of La Fontaine. In the writings of the bon homme, an excellent fable is generally followed or preceded by two or three which do not rise above mediocrity; but still that mediocrity is so good that it would establish the reputation of any poet. Béranger, who has composed a dozen songs, equal to a dozen of the best fables of La Fontaine, lives on an income of 1800 francs per annum, (about 72*l.*) He has passed his life in poverty, and, therefore, he is not a fa ourite in the fashionable world, though people of rank read and praise his works, because they cannot do otherwise.

M. Soumet, who belongs to the class of versifiers, is a handsome young man, a member of the French Academy, and rich. He brought out, a few days ago, a new tragedy, entitled 'Elizabeth de France.' It is in imitation of Schiller's 'Don Carlos.' The most elegant company filled the boxes of the Théâtre Français; but favourite as Soumet is, his fashionable audience were heartily tired at the conclusion of the play. M. Soumet, at the outset, attempted to imitate Schiller; but, as he advanced, his courage seems to have failed him. Schiller, who lived among the little Courts of Germany, which, even, to this day, are the absurd ceremonies of the Court of Philip II., was well aware that the Queen could never be in the company of Don Carlos, unattended by at least three or four Ladies of Honour. This difficulty, so peculiar to the subject, transports the spectator, at once, to the Court of the Spanish Tiberius. But in 'Elizabeth de France,' the wife of the jealous Philip is seen, in the first act, in a solitary country-place, near Madrid, accompanied by only one female attendant. The rest of the piece is equally true to history. But this would have been overlooked, and even Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' though well known in France, through the clever translations of M. M. Lezay and Baranté, would have been forgotten, if Soumet's tragedy had been interesting; but, unfortunately, it was only admirable. It contains some good verses and some fine passages of declamation, though the latter are better adapted to epic than dramatic composition. But, astonishing as it may seem, the French still prefer words to ideas. M. Soumet's writings would have enjoyed the highest success twenty-five years ago; but now we are getting spoiled by Macraey and Shakspeare.

The 'Journal des Debats,' which was so amusing some time ago, has sold itself to the Ministry for 150 francs per day. 'Le Figaro' is, at present, the most entertaining of our minor literary journals; but, I dare say, it would not be intelligible in England. Every line conveys a satirical allusion to some anecdote, well known in the saloons of Paris, but which it would be *saanais ton* to relate at length, when once its novelty is past.

Kean's dumb-show is admirable; but he has not voice enough for a French audience. Why was Macready taken from us so soon? Such are still the topics of conversation in our theatrical circles. Departures for the country proceed more tardily this year on account of the Chambers. Since the late nominations, good company has very much increased in the Chamber of Deputies. There were many persons distinguished both by their rank and by their wealth, in the bribed Chamber of Villedé; but they were chiefly old men, who had lost their importance in the world; for, singular as it may seem, in Paris, after the age of sixty years, people become childish. Some happy exceptions there are; eight or ten of our most distinguished men have passed that age; but, generally speaking, our manner of life, and our notions of what is agreeable, require such wonderful activity of mind, that, when a man of sixty or sixty-five accosts you, you are surprised to hear the most elegant phrases in every thing he says, while there is a total absence of sense. This misfortune of humanity I have observed

in no other of the great capitals of Europe. In Rome, for instance, some years ago, it was remarked, that the four finest women were upwards of forty, and that all the remarkable men were rather on the shady than the sunny side of sixty.

Contrary to custom, no romance worth notice has appeared this spring; and the fashionable writers are reserving their best works to the moment of the general departure to the country. It seems likely that the owners of chateaux will take nothing with them this season but 'La jolie Fille de Perth.'

A singular piece called, 'L'Ecrivain Public,' which is now performing at one of our minor Theatres, La Porte St. Martin, has become exceedingly popular. A man of strong passions has been reduced to the necessity of turning public writer. What makes him interesting to us is, that he is influenced by passions which, in different degrees, are more or less observable in the constitution of our present youth. A stranger presents himself before the public writer, whom a variety of incidents had made acquainted with character, and who (mark the circumstance!) possessed the public esteem. The stranger dictated these letters to him, from which he readily perceived that he was plotting the assassination of a man just arrived from America, and bearing the will of an uncle that the future assassins had in that country. By this will the uncle left an immense fortune to a niece, the fruit of an unacknowledged marriage. The public writer, hitherto an honourable man, was agitated by the following singular and criminal suggestion:—If the crime were committed, being in possession of the assassins' secret, he could compel them to make him a partaker in their ill-gotten wealth. Uncertain how to act, he criminally refrained from denouncing the strangers to justice, and allowed the crime to be committed. Disguised in the dress of a mason, he betook himself to the place where the crime was committed, and was engaged by the assassins to assist them in interring the murdered man. Thus, having become, in some sort, an accomplice in their guilt, he discovered himself to the assassins, showed them that he could effect their ruin, and compelled them, through fear, to give him in marriage the niece, whom the suppression of the will, of which the murdered man was the bearer, deprived of a large fortune. He also exacted a dower of two millions with her, and made her his wife. Up to this point in the piece, it shows, in a dreadful manner, how a Parisian education, which makes us so sensible to the joys of life, may expose us to the sudden temptation of a large fortune when within our reach, though possibly acquired without the commission of actual crime. The rest of the play is sufficiently plain. The writer's head is turned with his wealth, and he receives, like a drunken sot, his parents arriving on a visit from the country. It might be said that the plot of this drama had been stolen from a man of genius by a vulgar writer. For no piece of our pretended modern poets penetrates so deeply into the recesses of the human heart as this simple melo-drama. The first two acts, of which the proper title would be, 'Tentation d'un honnête Homme,' are shockingly true. In our poetic tragedies, nothing is more tiresome to us of the 19th century than the remorse of an usurper about to seize the crown of some poor legitimate prince; it is too far removed from us. Besides, since the example of Napoleon, who, while in power, did such great things for France, we are silly enough to think that a crown is not a mere ban lie, but that it imposes duties, and that in general the throne should be given to the most deserving. All the great tragical temptations, and all the princely misgivings, which Voltaire, Racine, Corneille, and their imitators, have described in their fine verses, have no effect upon us since Napoleon. What affects us now is the case of a man of rank reduced by his follies to the condition of a public scribe, often obliged to dine upon a piece of bread, and suddenly tempted by the possibility of obtaining two millions. This is a sentiment truly tragic; but a Schiller was required to fill up the outline.

I do not know whether the English theatre possesses any good tragedy on the subject of temptation. But it appears to me, that some first-rate writer might produce a master-piece out of the first two acts of 'L'Ecrivain Public.' Nothing more would be required than to clothe the conception of the French author with just expression.

GEYER.

THE Third Number of a Collection of Ancient and Modern Swedish Poetry, by Professor Geyer, has just appeared at Stockholm, and is mentioned to be as interesting in itself as creditable to the exertions of the Editor. It is entitled 'The Last of the Bards.'

VARIETIES.

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW TITLES.

A gentleman, recently returned from India, having taken a handsome house in the most fashionable quarter of the town, was highly gratified by the unexpected and early attentions of persons who, if he had not much been in India, were undoubtedly among the most distinguished of his native land, by the orders with which they had been honoured, as appeared by the initials appended to their names. Having had little necessity to recur to the Court calendar in the distant regions of the East, he was but little acquainted with honours and titles, or with their possessors at home; and, having had no other claims to distinction, in himself, than what a pious anxiety for the increase of wealth might enforce, he felt the more flattered by the gratuitous and unsolicited civility of those to whose notice he had feared it would have been rather a severe task to reach, unencumbered as he was by family-name, title, rank, learning, or talent. In fact, so little had he done for his own celebrity, that, (incredible although it be,) notwithstanding he had somewhat travelled, he had never even thought of writing a book; and so humble were his pretensions, that he scarcely even expected to be presented at a levee, to acquire the star of the Ionian Order, or to be elected a member of the Royal Society. His eye glistened, therefore, as he read the names of his honourable and condescending visitors: there were among them two K.G.s, three K.B.s, two K.T.s, and three K.P.s; a very respectable assemblage, certainly, he deemed, of Knights of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick. The deciphering these hieroglyphics was facile, compared to those which indicated the possessors of foreign orders. He knew that the war of Spain, and the battle of Waterloo, had rendered numbers of his eminent compatriots familiar with things which we never dreamt of in the olden time. So he sent for a fashionable directory, and, with an air of satisfaction, commenced the grateful labour of explaining to him self the long list of those who had favoured him by their patronage. K.C. (of these there were several) he found to be Knights of the Crescent in Turkey; K.B.E. (this was somewhat formidable, but it proved to be) the Black Eagle of Russia; K.E. Elephant in Denmark; K.F. was evidently Ferdinand in Spain; as K.F.M., Ferdinand and Merit (with an association!) in Sicily; K.I. was clearly Saint Joachim; K.L., Leopold of Austria; K.M., and K.M.I. were Knights of Malta, and Maximilian Joseph, in Bavaria; K.P.S., K.S., and K.S.C. were Knights of Stanislaus of Poland, the Sword in Sweden, and Charles III. in Spain. It was, indeed, a rich bevy of illustrious designations. He felt scarcely less happy at having thus early attracted the polite attention of his noble countrymen, than proud as a Briton at the honours which had been showered by Foreign Potestates on those of 'his land's language'; and, in the excess of gratitude and anxiety to become more acquainted with men whose fame had spread far and wide, he would have immediately, as in violation of all etiquette, returned their calls, had not he paid the penalty of Sangree and Mulligatawny, in a severe attack of the liver, which obliged him to confine himself a fortnight to his house. The first day that he could make his debut, he issued in all 'the pomp and circumstance' with which a neat, not costly, equipage, Stultz and Weston, Swaine, Hoby and others, could invest him; he had practised his best bows in the glass,—he had taken lessons from his valet, in all the forms required by high life,—his heart beat high,—his blood was at curry heat,—a flush of would-be red changed the saffron colour of his visage to 'lingy brown,'—and he went forth exulting. Alas! he turned ashamed, mortified, and humbled. He had been unaware of a new state of things: his K.G.s turned out to be the King's Goldsmith and Grocer; the K.B.s, the King's Book-maker, Bookseller, and Baker; the K.T.s were neither more nor less than the King's Turners and Tailors; and his K.P.s, the King's Print-seller, Perfumer, and Parvayer. This was 'too bad,' certainly, as Lord Liverpool said; but the Hindoo was not a man to yield his point without a struggle, and he verily went to the round of presumed chivalry. K.C.s, turned out to be modest Cutlers, Confectioners, and Chemists, with his Majesty's arms over the door; K.B.E., and K.E., were neither Black Eagle, nor Elephant, but an Engraver, Embroiderer, and his Majesty's English Book-seller; K.F., and K.F.M., were no more one Ferdinand than the other; and as to 'Merit,' they scarcely pretended to it; they merely claimed the privilege of serving their Sovereign in 'Furriery and Floor-cloth

Manufacture; K. J., and K. L., were but a Joiner, and Linen-draper; K. M. knew far more of *Mercury* than Malta; and K. M. I. offered some excellent Mathematical Instruments, whereof he was the Maker, but professed entire ignorance of any Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria; K. P. S. exhibited some excellent engravings, as he announced himself to be the King's Printer; as he said he had no engraving of Stanislaus of Poland; K. S. denied any knowledge of the Sword of Sweden, being but the King's Silversmith, but referred his visitor to Mr. Webb, K. S. C., or Sword Cutter to the King; and he at length completed his weary round, disappointed and sorrowful at the downfall of his hopes. Time, however, which cures all grief, soothed his inquietudes: initiated at Crookford's, he began to ascertain the true meaning of things otherwise calculated to puzzle; and, as he became more intimate with the world, could explain to new arrivals from Calcutta, that P. P. H. M., meant *Portrait Painter to His Majesty*; M. R. I. A., a Member of the Royal Irish Academy; M. W. S. N. H. E., a Member of the Wernerian Society of Natural History of Edinburgh; P. V. C. S. P., a Professor of the Veterinary College, Saint Pancras; and that A. S. S. had too extensive an application to be particularly defined.

MR. SOUTHEY.

While Scott, Byron and Moore have become popular, as writers, on the continent, the works of the Poet Laureate have commanded comparatively but little attention; and, perhaps, the fact would not be difficult to be accounted for on simple grounds. If a Frenchman, however, be asked, 'why the moon be composed of Gruyere cheese?' he will not pause to consider the validity of the premises assumed; but, with the most subtle invention, vindicate his knowledge, by stating the proportion of earthy matter that is combined with the other component parts of the milky fluid, and satisfactorily account, on chemical principles, for the formation of Luna from a spare quantity of the via lactea. 'How old is Sir Walter Scott?' asked a Parisian of a friend in a Coffee-house, 'Quatre-vingt années, mais quelques jours,' was the ready and caustic reply. 'What was the cause of the unhappy derangement of the late King of England?' 'Ma foi, c'était dû au Président de la Chambre des Communes.' 'Who was this Lord Byron?' 'Un brave Grec de Missolonghi.' 'And who is Miss Smithson?' 'La fille du Duc de Wellington.' 'Then who is Monsieur Henry Hunt?' 'Le grand ami de Milord Cobbett.' Thus in law, physic, or divinity, things terrestrial or things celestial, fear not putting the question—the answer will be as readily as thoughtlessly given. A correspondent of a French paper, 'The Globe,' having made inquiry of its editor, 'why the productions of Southey were so little known?' the succeeding day he was informed that the poet's want of popularity in France was due to 'Finement on il vit, au milieu des Lacs du Cumberland.' (This, as Sheridan said of a part of Coleridge's 'Remorse,' is a dripping retreat, 'sans prouveurs,' (No 'Quarterly' being presumed in existence, 'sans intrigue,' (really we cannot speak to this, 'sans coterie,' (Is there not?) 'sans fortune,' (poor Doctor Southey!) 'sans aucun des moyens qui font, au moins, autant pour la renommée que les bons ouvrages.' This last sentence is certainly absolute wisdom, or nothing. What the means may be the Frenchman require we would be glad to know. There is the laurel crown and the tun of wine; and, if these be not good works, (although we believe the contrary,) we all know there is faith sufficient.

CORSIKAN HONOUR.

A singular circumstance has lately taken place in the Island of Corsica, which strongly indicates the character of the ruder inhabitants of the island. Two soldiers of a French regiment, stationed at Ajaccio, having deserted, their Colonel, in pursuing the pleasure of the chase, met with one of the mountain shepherds, who acquainted him with the spot where the two soldiers had sought a retreat. The man was immediately rewarded for this intelligence by a gift of four Louis, and the colonel dispatched a party in search of the delinquents, who were apprehended, conducted to headquarters, and tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. The relations of the shepherd becoming acquainted with the circumstance, a senned, and pronounced that he had for ever dishonoured his family by receiving the price of blood; they seized and bound him, and, on the day and hour when the unfortunate soldiers were shot at Ajaccio, the same death was inflicted by them on the shepherd. After the execution of the two military offenders, a priest (who had been obliged by the mountaineers to confess and shrieve the shepherd, prior to his quitting the world) appeared upon the

parade, and returned to the colonel the four Louis, in acquainting him of the mode adopted by those who had employed him to avenge their injured honour.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Much argument has been excited in Paris on the question of the propriety of permitting the marriage of the secular clergy of the Roman communion and the Gallican church; and the greatest fervour has been displayed by the partisans for or opposed to the question. It seems that a young priest, being desirous of contracting marriage, applied to a notary to prepare the requisite forms, but the notary, and most properly, it would appear, in so much as custom was concerned, refused to act. Upon this the ecclesiastic had recourse to the proper tribunal; but, after a lengthened and ingenious discussion, the President rejected his application, on the ground, that ordination was a bar to marriage. It appears, however, that, according to the existing system, marriage may be generally effected by the civil authorities, and that the sacrament of the church is not essential; and that the children of such marriage are recognised as legitimate in law, and possess all civil and political rights that belong to others. The priest then publicly separated himself from the church, and the church as publicly declares him fallen and fully excommunicated. The question is now raised in another shape, and has created no ordinary difficulty in the minds of those who will have to decide it, as neither the Chartre or the Code Civil recognise the adoption of sacred orders or monastic vows as impediments to marriage, although they were effectually so in former times. If the priest should ultimately succeed, there can be little doubt that the monastic orders stand upon the same footing; and we may then look for right merry days in the many convents of France so recently established. A French Malthus, it is said, will shortly favour the world with his speculations on the subject.

LINES,

On reading in 'The Athenæum' of May 28, a laudatory notice of a humorous picture, by the late unfortunate THEODORE LANE, ESQ.

COLD is the breast that would have burned
Thy voice of eulogy to hear,
Casting, ere yet his form's incurred,
Wreathes on his unclosed sepulchre.

The dew of death is on that brow
Thy hand would twine with votive bays;
His throbbing bosom heeds not now
Thy meed of worth, thy note of praise.

E'en now, the laughing crowd awhile
Pause, heedless, o'er his pictur'd jest;
Whilst he, whose pencil bids them smile,
Lies wrapt in dreamless, changeless rest.

Yet still will some less thoughtless one
A sigh above the canvass heave—
Strange, that what breathes of mirth alone,
Should bid the heart to grieve!

But such the change that life displays,
Tears oft from loveliest fountains flow;
And suns, that glad our happiest days,
Lend light to moons, 'mid nights of woe.

And what is Pleasure's dearest hour,
But mingled moments, dark and bright!
What Hope's pure rainbow, but a shower
Of tear-drops touched with light?

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.	May. June.	Therm. A.M. & P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Mon. 56° 60°	59° 30'	60° 30'	29. 30	E. to S.W.	Rainy	Cir. Cum.
Tues. 57° 63°	63° 32'	63° 32'	29. 32	S.E. to S.	Ditto	Cum. Nimb.
Wed. 58° 59°	59° 32'	59° 32'	29. 32	Ditto.	Rainy	Cir. Cum.
Thurs. 59° 63°	63° 32'	63° 32'	29. 32	S. to S.W.	Cloudy.	Cum. Nimb.
Frid. 57° 64°	64° 32'	64° 32'	29. 58	N.W. S.W.	Ditto.	Cir. Cum.
Satur. 57° 60°	60° 32'	60° 32'	29. 52	S.W. to S.	Rainy.	Ditto.
Sun. 56° 60°	60° 32'	60° 32'	29. 65	S.W.	Fair. Cl.	Ditto.

Rain during night, except on Saturday. Mornings fair, except on Wednesday and Saturday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Jupiter in conj. on Tuesday at 8 A.M.
Mercury in perihelion on Monday.
The Moon in perigee on Saturday.
Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 25° 32' in Cancer.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 50° 50' in Scorpio.
Saturn's ditto ditto 18° 19' in Cancer.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 hours 14 min.
Sun's hourly motion, 23' plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Sunday, .006294.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Some irregularities in the size of the Paper on which our past Numbers have been printed, having unexpectedly, and unintentionally occurred, and difficulty being apprehended, by some of our Correspondents, as to binding the Numbers into perfect and uniform Volumes, we take occasion to say, that the Binder employed by the office will undertake to make perfect and uniform Volumes of any sets that may be sent to him for that purpose, and at the ordinary charges. We may add, also, that measures have been taken to secure such supplies of paper for the future as to prevent the recurrence of any irregularity of shape, size, or colour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, Lectures to Young Persons on the Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man, the Existence, Character, and Government of God, and the Evidences of Christianity. By the Rev. John Harsey, 8vo. price 8s.

Mr. Aglio, who has travelled over the greater parts of Europe, for the purpose of collecting the manuscripts of ancient Mexico, is on the eve of publishing the fruits of his researches. The work will be illustrated by a copious text, and by several lithographic drawings of various Mexican monuments.

Excellino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua, in 12 books. By Viscount Dillon. 8vo. price 14s.

Poems, by Miss Eliza Rennie, in foolscap 8vo., price 6s.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Dick's Christian Philosopher, fourth edition, 12mo., 8s.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with Scott's Notes and Essays, by James Montgomery, 12mo., 6s.
Irving on Prophecy, second edition, 8vo., 12s.
Falconer on Inadequate Views of Christianity, 12mo., 6s.
Tim Bobbin's Lancashire Dialect, with Plates by Cruickshank, post 8vo., 9s.
Horsey's Lectures to Young Persons, 8vo., 6s.
Female Piety and Zeal exemplified, in the Memoirs of Miss Ely, by the Rev. John Ely, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, post 8vo., 12s.
Thirty-two Illustrations to the Novels, Tales, and Romances, by Sir Walter Scott, 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, Engravings, &c., with Additions, by the Rev. James Dallaway, complete in 5 vols., 8vo., 10l. 10s.
History of Italy during the Consulate, and Empire of Buonaparte, from the Italian of Botta, 2 vols., 8vo., 21s.
Poems, by Miss Eliza Rennie, 8vo., 6s.
Excellino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua, by Viscount Dillon, 8vo., 14s.
Victoria, 3 vols., 12mo., 18s.
Evenings of Mental Recreation, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
At Home, a Novel, by the author of 'English Fashionables Abroad,' 3 vols., 8vo., 31s. 6d.
Memoirs of Savary, Duke of Rovigo, written by Himself, translated from the French, vol. 1, 8vo. 16s.
Travellers' Oracle, by Dr. Kitchener, third edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 15s.
The Horse and Carriage Oracle, (separately,) 4 vols., 8vo., 7s. 6d.
The Dublin Philosophical Journal and Scientific Review, part 6.
Narrative of the Peninsular War, by Lieut.-General The Marquis of Londonderry, second edition, 1 vol., 4to., Map and Plans, 3l. 3s.
The Quarterly Biographical Magazine, part 1, 8s. 6d.
The Puffad, a Satire, post 8vo., 6s.
Omnipotence of the Deity, by R. Montgomery, fifth edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
De La Voye's Instructions on the French Pronunciation, &c., post 4to., 7s. 6d.
Rev. J. Scott's Church History, third edition, vol. 1, 12s.
Arnott's Elements of Physics, third edition, 8vo., 21s.
Subterraneous Travels of Niels Kilm, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg, crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Anacharsis, Abridged, French, eighth edition, 12mo., 6s.
Edinburgh Annual Register, 1826, vol. 19, 26s.
Thomas's Practice of Physic, ninth edition, 8vo., 18s.
Novum Testamentum Græcum, 4mo., 16s. 6d.
Protestant Securities, suggested in an Appeal to the Clerical Members of the University of Oxford, by the Right Hon. R. W. Horton, M. P., 6s.

Just published, in 8vo., price 12s. boards,

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE TO PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY. By THOMAS LUBY, A.M., Trinity College, Dublin.
Published by Baldwin and Cradock, London; and W. F. Wakeman, D'Olier-street, Dublin.

This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CXL. for JUNE, 1828.

Contents:
I. Old North and Young North, or Christopher in Edinburgh, and Christopher in London. A Midsummer day's Dream—II. A Strange Secret. Related in a Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd—III. The Wise—IV. The Man of Ton. A Satire—V. Wilson's Illustrations of Zoology—VI. Nature's Farewell. By P. H.—VII. The Irish Yeoman. A Tale of the Year Ninety-Eight. Chaps. 3, 4, and 5.—VIII. The British Colonies. Letter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. &c. From James M'Queen, Esq.—IX. The Siege of Bhurtpore. Letter from a Bengal Engineer—X. The Reviewer Reviewed. By Phelim M'Gillivuddy, a Suffering Papist—XI. Illustrissimo Viro—XII. The Poor Laws.
Printed for William Blackwood, No. 17, Prince's Street Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

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